

NEW MASSES

March, 1931

15c



Burck

WHAT PRICE GLORY - NOW?

TWO POEMS

Cash or Credit

On Third Avenue the huge signs play
to make our city smile, be gay,
and BUY (the balmy saps,) TODAY.

Don't hesitate!
tomorrow it may be
Too Late!
the stores ope up their maws,
and wait.

it's winter, though these signs gleam warm.
crowds fill the sidewalks, gape, and swarm,
drift like the drifting snow upon a windowpane
in flakes that melt, and trickle down again.

they come, and watch the twitching of her thighs,
who writhes in orgiastic agonies:
a Poster-Whore, a slogan set in neon light,
green, purple, pink, far down the night
she imitates the sincere, fecund rut:

economy.
a pretty business in the great city.

the world's a loop-the-loop,
so ride!
a gushing girl,
a lovenest bride!
a train that shrieks on speeding thru the dark
with insane joy (no pain)—a mark
for your shrewd aim to hit, and win!
a pocket where the ball rolls in!

play ball! lets dance!—come;
bottoms UP,
we'll waste the inside of the cup!

pay when you please,
what matters it?
we're here to serve,
don't mention it . . .

Bedizened harlot, how you loathe
the ugly slums that you have made,
and fester in!
the words men use to tell your trade,
the consequences of your sin,
are lost in the ostentatious din
and clatter of your jaws:

BUY NOW,
we furnish happy homes . . . 5 dollars down
and a Year to pay,
your money goes a long, long way . . .
with us.

Advertising's a shameless jade,
wise in the tricks
of the trade,
cunning and vicious;
glib with the glibness of thieves,
formal and legal and specious . . .
palming off paste as the "real ice",
selling gold bricks at a "big sacrifice":

just five dollars down,
and a Year to pay . . .

(and just five dollars missing

a month or a week,
and you can be kissing
what you've PAID, on the cheek . . .)

On Third Avenue the huge signs play
to make our city smile, be gay,
and BUY (the balmy saps,) TODAY.

HERMAN SPECTOR

Sweet Story

Crusted a militant mansong of mass action,
motivating the story of revolt.
So long, said the racketeer, see you tomorrow, Josephine,
and the bartend made a long swipe
on the smoother possibilities of the bar .
and spat through his mouth sidewise (such an injustice
to a guy with hair on his chest.)
But there will be tomorrows for dames in disguise;
it may even be that hijackers are making a last play,
sounding money depth
serving the culpability of crass exploiters.
And they make wonder eyes at sincerity.
Somewhere hearing of protest, of armed resistance:
and two cops got beaten up by twelve women and children:
and a department of justice man was arrested by mistake
(for which we politicians wept alcoholic tears.)
Think, it over, where will the graft be, Josephine,
when there are no bureaucrats, handing out stogies,
discussing statesmanship over a sidecar
reeking of sin: the word for deprecation,
the cute nomenclature of wiseguys
cracking the racket for what there is in it:
you know, the wrong side of the fence:
while hunger marches sweep in upon City Hall
(the sleek hatted boys
spitting out of dubious windows,
Wondering, wondering
marvelling—so far as marvel can go—
what is the matter with these guys,
dont they know when the workingman is licked,
can't they realize they will starve and hunger
for home and food and cigarettes?)
Go knock off the score with a shot of smoke
and call it a night.
But after all it is a kick
to watch the women and children ridden over by mounteds,
the sticks swinging a bloody rhythm
into the brains of the unemployed:
limp, no longer shouting, crying out against
(with slogans about work and bread)
against the farcical justice,
being beaten into a bloody pulp under the flag of liberty;
the cops (having the time of their horney lives,
smiling with sadism,)
until the pendulum swings back like a materialistic boomerang,
and capitalistic thugs begin getting it in the neck.
And then its a horse of another color
and swansongs chant
in desperation of homosexuality
and the depreciation of the dollar
(in god we trust,
providing the bastard runs true to form)
and the sapped gesture.
Honey I love you on Saturday night
in the way that a pimp knows the turn of society.
And this is a prelude (only) to what is to come.

NORMAN MACLEOD

NEW MASSES

1910—Fifth Year of the New Masses -- 1926 -- Twenty First Year of the Masses—1931

VOLUME 6

MARCH, 1931

NUMBER 10

MICHAEL GOLD, *Editor*

WALT CARMON, *Managing Editor*

FRANCES STRAUSS, *Business Manager*

Executive Board: WALT CARMON, HUGO GELLERT, MICHAEL GOLD, HORACE GREGORY, WILLIAM GROPPER, I. KLEIN, LOUIS LOZOWICK.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Phil Bard, Emjo Basshe, Samuel Brody, Jacob Burck, Adolph Dehn, Robert Dunn, John Dos Passos, Kenneth Fearing, Ed Falkowski, Wanda Gag, Hugo Gellert, Horace Gregory, William Gropper, Charles Yale Harrison, Langston Hughes, Joseph Kalar, I. Klein, Gan Kolski, Margaret Larkin, Melvin P. Levy, Louis Lozowick, H. H. Lewis, Norman Macleod, A. B. Magil, Scott Nearing, Harry Alan Potamkin, Paul Peters, Louis Ribak, Boardman Robinson, E. Merrill Root, James Rorty, Martin Russak, William Siegel, Upton Sinclair, Agnes Smedley, Bernard Smith, Jessica Smith, Otto Soglow, Herman Spector, Bennett Stevens, Joseph Vogel, Mary Heaton Vorse, Keen Wallis, Jim Waters, Art Young.

Published monthly by NEW MASSES, Inc., Office of publication 112 E. 19 St., New York... Copyright 1931, by NEW MASSES, Inc., Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Drawings and text may not be reprinted without permission. Entered as second class matter, June 24, 1926, at the Post Office at New York N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Subscribers are notified that no change of address can be affected in less than a month. The NEW MASSES is a co-operative venture. It does not pay for contributions.

Subscription \$1.50 a year in U. S. and Colonies and Mexico. Foreign \$2.00. Canada, \$2.50. Single Copies, 15 cents.

357

NOTES OF THE MONTH

March 18th is the anniversary of the founding of the Paris Commune in 1871. We look back to the Commune, the first attempt to establish a proletarian dictatorship, and see the tremendous forward strides that the workingclass revolution has made since then.

Every hard earned lesson of the Commune is woven into the fabric of the Soviet state. Marx, Engels, Lenin, and every other revolutionary theoretician studied the Commune avidly. Marx's analysis of the Commune, *The Civil War in France*, is not only a brilliant political document whose lessons Lenin applied in 1917, but it reveals Marx the revolutionist as well as the theoretician. Here is not the Marx of the Spargos, the Kautskys, the Hillquits. Here is the Marx of the barricades.

The Paris Commune settled momentous questions of proletarian revolution. Could the proletariat use the ready-made machinery of government established by the capitalists? What is the most important factor for the successful overthrow of the capitalists in a revolutionary situation? What is the dictatorship of the proletariat? The workingmen of Paris wrote the answers in their own red blood. They did not fight in vain, even though the drunken bourgeois canaille of Paris celebrated the end of the Commune by a flood of champagne that equalled in volume the gullies of blood of the Paris proletariat. Forty thousand Communard did not rot in the streets of Paris to prove that capitalism is unending and proletarian revolution futile. It was no idle prophecy when Marx wrote that the heroes of the Commune would forever be enshrined in the hearts of the workingclass; the Paris Commune was the harbinger of a new dawn.

What the Commune attempted in its crude way the Soviet Union is carrying out on a scale that brings terror to the heart of international capitalism. Lenin said if the Soviet power lasted only as long as the Paris Commune did, the workingclass would be immeasurably enriched in its revolutionary experience. The Commune and the Soviets taught the proletariat *how* to take power. The Five-Year Plan is tracing the development after the revolution.

The germs of planned economy were already contained in the Commune, and just as the Commune belonged to the world proletariat, so does the Five-Year Plan in its hammering out of lessons of proletarian construction and administration that will speed the day of world revolution, that will bring closer the realization of Socialism for the world proletariat.

The Dressmakers' Strike

The manner in which the capitalist newspapers are sabotaging the dressmakers' strike should convince even the naive that the most "impartial" of these papers are nothing but pompous old whores parading in Ochs' clothing. It might be expected that

with several million words at their disposal every day to describe murders, rapes, fires and any other event that will take the mind of the workingclass off its real problems, the New York newspapers might have found space in at least one of their issues for a short depiction of the almost unbelievable exploitation that is going on right under their noses in the most "prosperous" city in the most "prosperous" country in the world.

Here are between 35,000 and 40,000 men and women being paid \$4, \$6, \$8 and \$10—sometimes but not often it reaches \$20—a week for 50, 60 and 70 hours of work under speed up systems that make Ford's slaves look like actors in a slow motion movie. The old sweatshops, about which so many tears were shed by sweet Wilsonian liberals, have come back with all their peculiar brutality. Since the beginning of the present panic—still called a "depression" by the newspaper financial writers—the wages of these dressmakers have been reduced on the average of 50% and their hours increased about a third. Talk about the inability of the employers to pay higher wages is the sheerest hypocritical nonsense. The productivity of dressmakers increased 95% between 1923 and 1927 and almost as much since. A plant employing 16 dressmakers produces on the average \$256,000 of goods a year at present prices, yet the 16 dressmakers are being paid less than \$16,000 for turning out this amount of work. Moreover, the small contractors and manufacturers who apparently control the industry are mere figureheads. Real control of the industry lies in the hands of the banking firm dominated by Lieutenant Governor Lehman, who, with the aid of the A. F. of L. union in the field, has been most responsible for the drastic lowering of the standard of living of this army of dressmakers.

On Feb. 16th, the Needle Trades Workers Industrial Union, affiliated with the Trade Union Unity League, called the dressmakers in New York and Philadelphia on strike for a raise in wages, a shorter workday, recognition of the shop committees and of the union. Thousands of dressmakers responded with an almost hysterical enthusiasm. Since the inception of the strike, contractors and manufacturers employing more than 1,000 dressmakers have settled with the union on the union's terms. The others are still fighting-hungry, singing on the picket lines, being beaten and arrested by Lieutenant Governor Lehman's police. They are still striking, blissfully conscious that their struggle for a living wage is being ignored by a capitalist press which gave eight-column streamers to the electrocution of two murderers the day not a word was printed about a gigantic mass picketing demonstration of singing, cheering dressmakers that surged through every nook and corner of the garment district. The workingclass isn't displaying any particular attention to the prostitution of the capitalist press, but history has proved the workers have a long memory.

MICHAEL GOLD

NOTES FROM KHARKOV

Moscow, Nov. 4.

Damnit, you come from capitalism, you come from the lands where you're a nut, a rebel, an outcast, a lone wolf, a green apple in the belly of things. Your mind has been full of Spartacus on the cross, Shelley, Karl Marx, Tolstoy, John Brown, Lenin, Byron, Gorky, 1905, 1848, 1789, 1870—all of it, the great story. But your body has been kicked around Union Square by a bunch of Tammany cops, or it's been sick with the sight of a million white-collar scissorbills pushing through Nassau Street at lunchtime.

Just so. And then you find yourself in a dimly lit custom house over which waves the Red Flag. A few, casual, sleepy Red soldiers lounge about, and it's Revolution, it's dull, it's normal, it's not a dream, it's the daily bread and cabbage soup of 150 million human beings. "We will not see the Revolution in our lifetime." I've heard this said at least 1000 times. Yet here I am in the U.S.S.R. about to view a big slice of the Revolution in my own lifetime. It comes with a great stab of joy and wonder at first.

November 5—*En Route*

I'm late as usual. The Congress has started, everyone has left Moscow for Kharkov. I was all alone for many hours in this great city that speaks only Russian. It was tough making any contacts. Finally I found someone. She got me a ticket for Kharkov tonight. I felt lost at first. But at the station we found two Russian comrades going to the Congress, and I am sharing their compartment. What luck, they speak English. One is Sergei Dinamov—he is a leading Marxian critic, editor of the *Literary Gazette*, professor in the Moscow University, and a specialist in American and English literature. The other is Ivan Anisimov, professor of German literature in the University. They had an enormous basket of roast chicken, baked apples, black bread, and some marvellous Tiflis wine. I had some good American cigars and a harmonica. We ate, sang, smoked, drank and talked about Dreiser, Sinclair, Dos Passos, Hemingway, the *New Masses*, Herbert Hoover and Al Capone all night.

Kharkov, November 7.

It'll be hard to write you from now on—life has become too full. Today was the 13th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. Our Congress adjourned to share in the celebrations. We stood in the reviewing stand and watched the masses pour by.

Kharkov is a beautiful, clean city about a million, the capital of the Ukraine. Everyone was on the streets with red flags, floats, giant cartoons. Parades have a different quality here. It is not at all like St. Patrick's Day in New York, or the Fourth of July. It is a folk marching, whole families together, gray grandfathers, shawled mothers and patient fathers with babies in arm, factory boys and girls, all singing together. Somehow touching, somehow simple and sweet. Every group has an accordion. When the parade stops they dance, and raise high jinks, or toss someone up in the air, the Russian salute. Something solemn here, too—the Red soldiers with their boyish, dogged, peasant faces, and the working class boys and girls in ordinary overcoats and goloshes, but with bayonets slung across the shoulder.

They remind one of Washington's ragged farm hands marching in review at Valley Forge! Or the happy Sansculotte armies marching to confront the kings of Europe. They remind one of one's father and mother and brothers, and their bayonets are not militarism—they are one's own weapons of self-defence.

The Germans have the biggest delegation at our Congress, and made the best showing on the reviewing stand. Johannes Becher, the poet, and Ludwig Renn are members of the German Red Front Fighters, and appeared in their uniforms. They held up their fists, and shouted, "Rot Front!" to the paraders. The other Germans joined: Ernst Glaeser, who wrote *Class of 1902*; Anna Seghers, who wrote *The Revolt of the Fisherman*; Gertrude Ring, who writes proletarian tales for children; Beha, who edits the *Linkskurve*; Weiskopf, the brilliant novelist and poet, and that demon reporter, Egon Erwin Kisch.

They shouted "Rot Front!" and all of us took up the cry. Especially on this red holiday was Comrade Hamdy Sallam, a revolutionary poet from Alexandria, Egypt. He is a doctor of obstetrics, and has a round face and chubby body, like a dark

cherub. He chants his fiery Egyptian poems at the slightest provocation, and is having a more wonderful time than anyone else at this Congress. He likes to kid the British delegates about imperialism, and is a general favorite all around.

Well, I'm for bed. I'm in a room with three Russian authors—two critics and a poet. All of us have different sleeping hours, but no hard feelings develop. The red poet drinks like a fish and likes the ladies; the red critics are sober married men who believe in hard work. It's the same the wide world over.

November 9.

Soviet Kharkov takes our Congress very seriously. A movie-tone camera has been set up in the hall, and we are blinded with Klieg lights. There are dozens of reporters and cameramen buzzing about. They act just like American reporters, a perfect pest. Except that they don't ask silly questions when they pump you, as to how you like their skyscrapers or gals. No, the brisk young reporters here want you to sum up in a few pithy phrases the complete history of American literature and art from the Marxian viewpoint; that's all. Also please review the unemployment crisis in blighted America, and the preparations for war, and the campaigns against the Soviet Union, and the class conflict in the south, and the plight of our middle-west farmers, and what's wrong with Chicago, etc. etc.

One tells them the facts, but finds it difficult to make them understand. These are mostly kids who have grown up since the Revolution. They simply don't believe that America exists. It all sounds like some vague, crazy myth to them. They condemn capitalism with their minds, as one does a false theory in a book, but don't hate it the realistic emotional way we do who have to live and sweat under it.

The Congress is going good. I didn't think it would be very much at first because authors as I have known them are generally a peevish, self-centered, jealous and opinionated crew. Co-operate? Can one imagine a congress of professional coquettes meeting to discuss the man-problem? Or a gathering of shopkeepers? But that's authorship only under capitalism. The Revolution is a new environment and changes people—it even affects authors. There is something big about this Congress. We haven't met to discuss the market price of short stories, or publicity methods, or to slander each other—the usual conversation of authors. There are delegates from 20 countries here, and we are united on something we know is bigger than all of us.

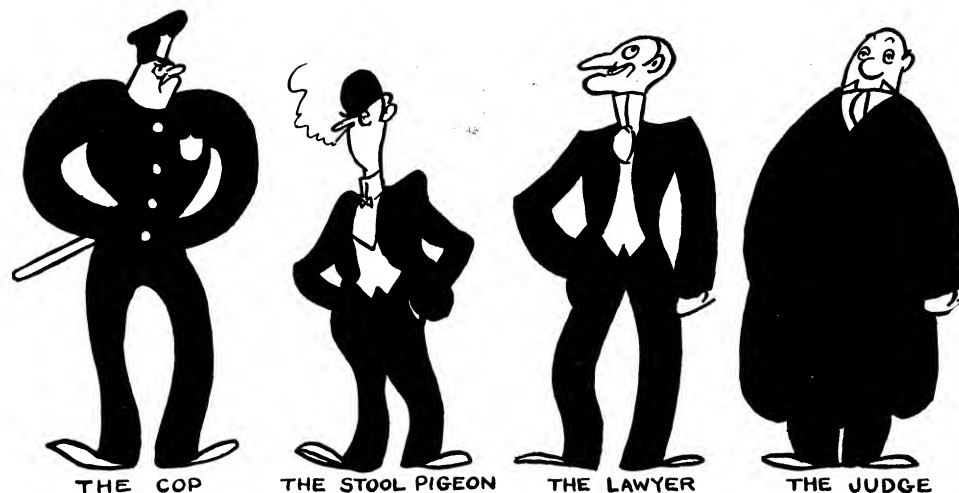
The men and women from 20 lands speak 20 different languages, and yet understand each other. For their problems are the same in China, America, Germany, Soviet Russia, Japan or England. As we come to know each other better, as the various speeches are made and translated, this appears more clearly. Each of us has not come here with a personal world in his head; we have come here as units in a common world. We have a common theory of history, we have shared common experiences. There is a new feeling in life, and it has captured us as its medium.

New art forms come into being, not as the result of some critic's ratiocination, but as the product of a new universal feeling. I repeat, we here share this new life-feeling.

What I am driving at very clumsily is this; there will surely be a new great proletarian style in all the arts, because at this congress, one can sense the reality of the new universal feeling at work in the minds of sensitive artists.

November 10.

By the way, out of the dozen infuriated photographers from the newspaper, two were girls. I talked to the prettier of the two, and told her I'd worked on many newspapers in America over a period of ten years but had never seen a woman photographer. She asked why, but I found it hard to explain just why the "hard-boiled" and half-baked newspaper editors in America consider it so impossible and humorous to employ women cameramen. Women are really free in the Soviet Union. A girl simply picks out any job that she has a fancy for, and goes to work at it. They work in steel mills; on section gangs; they are street car motormen, bakers, farmers, and locomotive engineers. They are ambassadors, doctors,



Otto Soglow

DRESS REHEARSAL

lawyers, they get military training, they marry or don't marry, as they wish. And it has all gone so far and it has all become so simple and natural that no one notices it any more, and is as surprised as this girl photographer was when a dumb American talks about it.

November 11.

Delegates have reported from China, Japan, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Lithuania, France, Germany, Egypt, England, U. S. A., Poland, Roumania, Soviet Georgia, Ukraine and Russia.

There are other reports still to be heard. The stenographic report of the Congress will be issued as a book in Russian, English, French and German.

Meanwhile, how can I convey the sweep of it all? In these lands, so different in speech, tradition, history and culture, native groups of revolutionary writers have sprung up exactly as in our America, and in exactly the same spontaneous ways. It's strange and exciting to hear a Bulgarian poet protest against the New Humanists of Bulgaria, or a Chinese novelist condemn the Mandarin nonsense of his own bourgeoisie intelligentsia. It is stirring, somehow, to hear Egyptians, and Hungarians and Japanese and Ukrainians call for proletarian themes, forms and purposes in literature—just as we do in the *New Masses*.

It satisfies one's deepest soul to hear that so many men and women are dedicated in every remote corner of the world to building up of revolutionary art and culture, at whatever cost.

Literature and art are two powerful ways of organizing the masses for the great creative tasks of the Revolution. For those whose talents lie in this work, there should be no hesitations and doubts.

We must bring our young artists and writers closer to a revolutionary consciousness, for this will give their work strength and clarity. We must urge them to plunge into the realities, but we must not set up the false dichotomy of revolution versus art.

No, the conflict is between revolutionary art versus bourgeois art, and every artist and writer who comes to us must be stimu-

lated into activity, not inhibited. Our criticism of each other must be accurate, but brotherly. We must not allow the petty-bourgeois Bohemian jealousies to enter our new world. In the presence, too, of this world movement, so spontaneous, inevitable and magnificent, the picayune chatter that has gone on in some quarters in America makes one ashamed.

These are some of the random reflections that came to me sitting at the Congress sessions today.

November 12th.

An interesting, discussion was begun by the German delegation, and everyone participated in it. It was our familiar *New Masses* discussion, the one that John Dos Passos started, as to the place of the petty bourgeois intellectuals in the revolutionary movement.

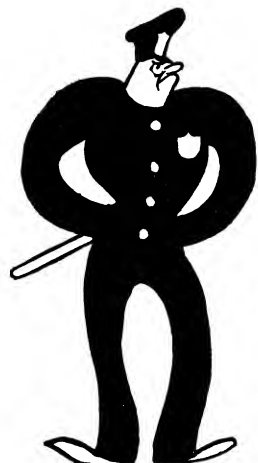
Here, too, one found surprises. The general line taken by the Congress was not the one taken by our leftists. The congress declared that it was of vital importance to enlist all friendly intellectuals into the ranks of the revolution. Every door must be opened wide to the fellow-travellers. We need them. We must not fear that they will corrupt us with bourgeois ideas. This fear is a form of immaturity and a sign of weakness. It is as if we doubted our own ability to keep on the main road.

But the Congress also declared that everything possible must be done to stimulate the proletarian writers. Beginning on the broad basis of workers' correspondence from mines, factories and farms, there must be nurtured a new literature written by the workers themselves. Yes, this is the great new historic thing; that this proletarian giant who has been dumb and blind for all the centuries should be urged to speak for himself. This reservoir of energy and passion must be tapped by the revolution.

These are the two main tasks, then, and neither negates the other; both are equally important, was the Congress line.

November 13.

Ernst Glaeser is only 28 years old, and has written two strong, beautiful novels that portray social conditions in Germany during and after the war. He has made a great success, is a kind of



THE COP



THE STOOL PIGEON



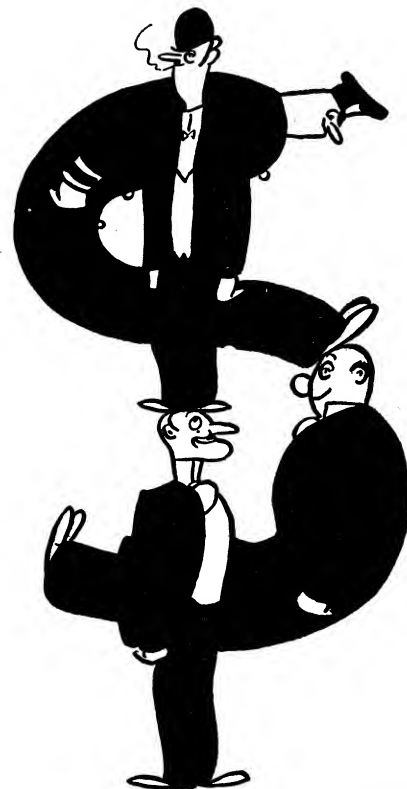
THE LAWYER



THE JUDGE



ALL RIGHT,
BOYS LET'S
DO OUR
ACROBATICS



Otto Soglow

DRESS REHEARSAL

German Hemingway, but it has not turned his head; in fact, it has deepened his purposes, and brought him closer to the revolution. He looks like a tall blonde German Valentino, and is a swell guy, as they say in German. Glaeser, John Herrmann, Jo Herbst, I, and a young general in the Red Army named Furer have been knocking around together. Over the wine, herring, potatoes, vodka, goat cheese, olives, cognac, sturgeon, black bread, onions, orange brandy and other Russian *zakouski* we have discussed the problems of revolution and literary form.

Glaeser says he is searching now for a new form that will correspond to the new revolutionary feelings. He is studying Marx, Plechanov, Mehring to help him in this research. He admires Dos Passos and Hemingway most among our American writers, and thinks Dos Passos is on the way, perhaps, to the new mass-novel.

General Furer is a jolly young giant of 27, who was a red guard at 16 and fought heroically through the civil war. He now is on the central executive committee of the Ukrainian Communist Party, edits a paper with a circulation of half a million, leads a regiment in the Red Army, and does a dozen other things. November 15.

I like the Russian parties—they're not like the raucous American kind. There's always good talk—you are improved and expanded as well as liquefied.

I like almost everything just now. I like the way our whole Congress went on a busride yesterday afternoon out into the fields and woods around Kharkov, and how we marched through a mile of birches and pines and sang Russian folk-songs and played leapfrog and ran races.

I like the way people act as they feel like on the streets. I have seen old ladies skate and whoop like kids along the icy sidewalk. Every day and night there are groups of young workers wandering down the street and singing to a guitar or accordion and no one thinks it strange of them.

I like the way workers in sweaters and Red Soldiers in uniform and their factory girls walk in circles and eat apples and bolony sandwiches and drink tea at the opera house between the acts of Prince Igor, or Boris Goudonov.

They're generous big people. Maybe it's because no one worries about money and "his future" any more in Russia. Everyone can get the job he wants and can best fill, is paid for it, eats, drinks, and envies no one else's prosperity, for no one else can be more prosperous. No one needs to save money. The only danger anyone fears comes from the outside—the capitalist intervention and world war, that may interrupt the Five Year Plan.

And most I like the parties of young students who go out in rowboats in summertime and read Pushkin and Hegel aloud on the river or go skiing in winter and study Tolstoi and Lenin around a campfire. And I like the red soldiers as they slog along through the streets singing in four-part harmonies, the lovely deep folk melodies to which revolutionary words have been written.

These things, some of them are trivial, I mention because I have heard it said that Soviet Russia is a gloomy place and the workers are gloomy slaves.

Slaves! They are given any technical or esthetic education they desire, and are paid while learning. They have an equal voice in factory management, and are given the best food and clothes and supplies, are in the first category. They get fine vacations, they have free doctors and are paid while sick. They sing, drink, raise hell as they want to, and they sure do. They work four days a week, and rest on the fifth. Four seven-hour days!

And they tell you proudly: "I am a Worker," and you, a journalist or doctor, envy them often, for they are the aristocrats of the nation. All the thinking and all the literature and all the hope and glory revolves around them, the Proletarian Sun.

Slaves? Slave labour? Tell it to the weavers of Gastonia! Or tell it to the Negroes, or the 7-day steel workers of Pittsburgh, or to the 8 million free and equal Americans on the breadlines this winter!

There's no unemployment in Soviet Russia—there is a serious *Shortage of Labor* this winter! November 17th.

The Congress is almost over.

Some Russian critics spoke on the literary situation here. There is a great drive for new forms and new ideas. The revolution has moved so fast during the past year that the writers are being left behind. The time has past, they said, for tolerating the fellow-travellers so patiently. In capitalist lands they are still necessary



William Siegel

allies; in Soviet Russia they performed a great historic task too, they bridged the transition period from capitalism to Communism.

But how can anyone remain a fellow-traveller thirteen crowded years after the revolution? This is surely a sign the writer is not to be digested by the revolutionary life. He has drifted into a state of passive resistance.

One such author is Kataev, who wrote that subtle and vicious lie, *The Embezzlers*. One of his plays running here now is a cheap conventional French bedroom farce which he has plagiarized and offered as a true picture of Soviet morality.

Such people as Kataev belong in the United States. They would be happy there and snatched up at once in the fiction market.

Mayakovsky, before his death, dissociated himself from these decayed elements. He joined the All-Russian League of Proletarian Writers, which is a merger of all literary schools and groupings who fight for a Communist art.

From this organization have come delegates to the congress who are worthy of their proud role as spokesmen for the Russian Revolution.

Panferov is here, who wrote the novel *Brusski*; the first of a peasant trilogy which reveals him as a young Soviet Tolstoy. Also Sasha Fadeyev, who wrote *The Nineteen*, another masterpiece; and Tarass Rodion, author of the novels *February*, *October*, and *Chocolate*. The last has been translated into English, and appeared in the magazine *Asia*. (The novels of Panferov and Fadeyev are also in English.)

Rodion is one of those young Red Army generals who are also authentic artists in prose or verse. We have three such generals at the Congress, besides scores of ex-Red soldiers and commanders. The Red Army officers must not only be military leaders to their men, but political and cultural teachers. The Army, like the factories and the collective farms, is a great mass-university through which everyone who passes receives at least the beginnings of a modern education.

Rodion is a strong, stocky quiet man with eyeglasses, who in his army uniform looks like a misplaced scholar. Fadeyev and Panferov are blue-eyed smiling Russian giants in cap and blouse, with muscles of steel and broad peasant faces. All three fought through the unimaginable horrors of the civil war, all three are under 30.

The nearest comparison to them in the United States for background, temperament and craftsmanship would be someone like Ernest Hemingway, I suppose. But Hemingway fought in a war in which he was betrayed and raped of his ideals by the capitalists, and he knows it now.

Panferov, Fadeyev, Rodion and all the Russians do not know this mood. They won their war. They are not a lost, burned-out generation. No, it was worth while, the revolution, something good, and great and eternal was born out of the blood; it marches on; there's serenity in the faces of the Russian writers, and the hero's affirmation of tragedy in their work, all the power and hope of a rising class.

Everything is beginning here. What is happening in America, is everything ending that all the intellectuals are so sad?

Tomorrow our Congress travels in a special train to the Dneiprostroy, to view the building of the biggest dam in the world.

NEW MASSES



William Siegel

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

CAN YOU MAKE OUT THEIR VOICES

"It's like a fire," said the young dirt farmer, Frank Frances, who had been on the prairie only a year. "Everything burns up. Now my cow's sick, and if *she* dies! Why is it? Why is it?"

"Oh, it's—on account of the sun," said the dirt farmer, Davis, whose smile seemed a part of his drawl. "Ever notice it up there, Frances? Warms the earth, makes the farmer's crops grow, ripens the apple on the bough! Just now it looks like a red hot silver cartwheel. Better take a long look at it, it's about the only 'cart-wheel' you'll see this year. The drought won't stop with your cow, Frances. First *all* the water'll go, then the corn and the alfalfa. If there's anything left, that'll go, too. Then winter'll come—"

"And then?"

"Then," with a mock in the drawl as he looked the younger man over, "well, then—I don't know about you—but some folks ain't going to starve. Not so long as they have guns."

"Oh, you mean hunting?"

"Yeah,—I mean hunting all right."

Davis was right: the water went first in the shallow holes in the range-lot. The bottoms blistered in blunt diamond shapes of dry mud, peeled, and the edges rolled up till they met in the middle.

The grass dried, the alfalfa burnt to stalks. The corn was stunted and never developed ears. What wheat there was never developed in the heads. The vegetables in the kitchen-garden died.

You could see the bottom of the wind-mill shaft, though it stood surrounded by aspens at the back of the farm-house: the leaves were thinned out as if it were autumn. And as less and less water was pumped up, it was cloudier and cloudier and tasted sickeningly of alkali. The poor farmer, Wardell, his wife and two boys, began to envy the aspen roots that went down and sucked up whatever water there was: they ended by hating them.

Animals overcame their fear to seek water near the houses. The Wardell boys found a gopher, a pair of jack-rabbits, dead. A red-headed woodpecker lay on the front path, its wings spread out. The boys took it into the house. In the shade it revived. They gave it a drop of their water; it uttered its single sharp scream; batting itself against the windows that were always shut now, to keep out the hot wind that blew the length of the prairie, and dried the saliva out of your mouth.

In front of the house the eldest boy killed a four foot rattler that put up no fight. The boys wanted to see if it would die before sundown; it hardly twitched after its skull was crushed.

Hearing the blows and the boys' shouts, their father came out. "The drought killed it, like everything else," he said, "no insult to your courage, John."

The two boys stood at either side of their father, looking at the snake. In their overalls both were lean, bony and tall, but shorter than the man. Like his, their hair was burned white by the sun and wind, but his had turned sandy. Their faces were tanned, but smooth and unwrinkled. His had three deep lines on either side. One where the ends of his mouth went down. Two, curving parallel, on either side, ran to his smooth, long jaw-bone whose end was part of the rough angle of his chin. His long curved nose ended almost on a line with his mouth, the nostrils running back sharply, almost parallel with the bridge, and lying close to his face.

His brown eyes had seldom been afraid. They had never been dismayed except by death. Both boys' eyes were blue.

"That shows what the drought has done," he said. "They never come out of the hills. I remember when Purcell started his mines there, the men drove the snakes down, but when he closed the mines, they went back again. There hasn't been one killed around here since I was your age. It's dead all right. If the drought hadn't weakened it, it'd twitch. Of course, it's all superstition that they don't die till after sundown. It's their nerves keep them twitching. They die hard, but this one's too weak."

By afternoon a crowd in dungarees had collected to see the snake. It was a pretext. There was no work for the men to do in the heat, with the crops burnt. They wanted to talk in a body.

They stood around the dead snake in a rough circle, mostly

keeping their eyes on the ground.

The sun blazed just as mercilessly in the sky, going west, as it had at noon.

They talked about the dry spell.

"How long will it last?"

"Do you think there's any chance of rain?"

"The papers don't tell you, they say there's *hope*."

"They've been saying that a long time," said Wardell. "Besides, it don't make any difference if it does rain. The corn's done for."

"My cow died this morning," said the young farmer, Frances. He was considered a newcomer in the district, having been there only a year. They thought him a bad farmer, and unsteady, and they didn't like his whine.

So Davis turned and said drily, over his shoulder, "Mine died a month ago."

"Your wife hasn't got a baby," said Frances.

They ignored it. "What do you think, Wardell?" they said partly to shut off the young man's personal plaint—(Hell, you're worse off than us!)—"will the government help us?"

Wardell smiled. It was the first time any of them had ever asked *his* advice.

"What do you think the government'll do for you? Think you're the only poor farmer in the country?"

"They'll have to make the banks give us some kind of loans," said glum Davis.

"They'll have to give us some kind of credit to live."

"If the cows keep on dying, they'll have to do something about milk."

"They'll have to make the banks give us some kind of loans, worse! Much worse!" A Bohemian named Drdla spoke. Round, smooth face, and full lips smiling while he added his drop of gloom.

"What about winter coming? What are we going to do if there ain't any food? How are we going to feed the babies?" asked Frances, panicky.

"Anyway, *you've* got one less mouth to feed," said Davis, again over his shoulder.

Everybody laughed.

"A dead cow ain't no joke," said Frances.

Everybody laughed again.

"Well, the government ain't going to do anything, if you want to know," said Wardell. "At least, I'm not counting on it handing me anything. Of course you can look at things like Mort Davis: we don't have to feed the cows that die. On the other hand, they might feed the babies."

"They're stopping credit at the stores in Paris."

"Think they'd give it through the winter? To all of us? They've got to make a living, too."

"You mean there ain't going to be nothing to eat?"

"There's plenty to eat in the stores in Paris. All you've got to have is the money to buy it. In fact, you can eat like a hog—if you're a storekeeper," said Wardell. "We only *grow* the food—when we can: they *sell* it. But as I haven't got the money to buy and neither have you, I guess we'll take it or starve."

They understood only slowly.

"You mean you'd steal it?" asked an alarmed voice.

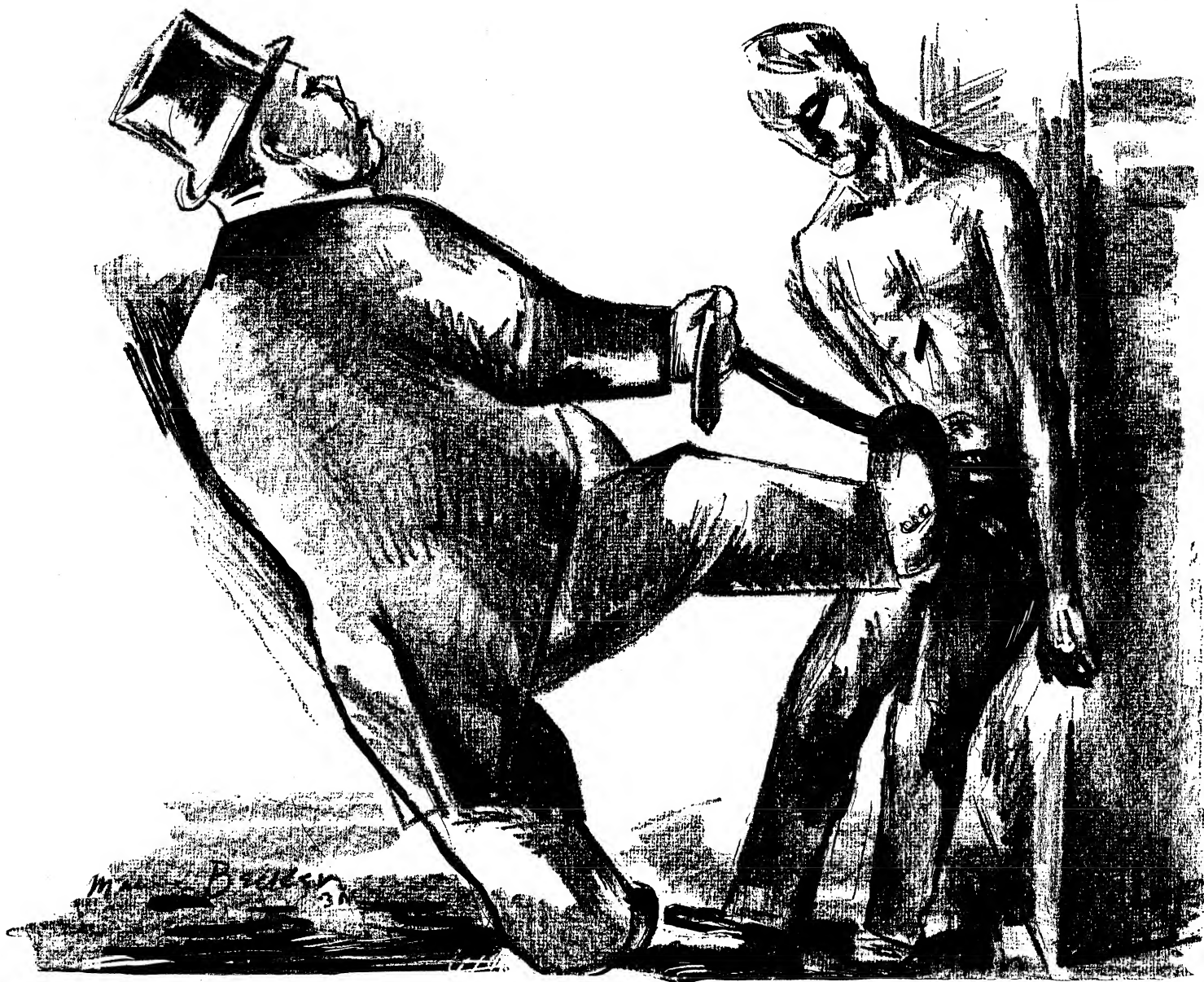
"I mean that when I'm hungry I like to eat. And when my wife and children are hungry, I'm likely to take food where I can get it. If that's stealing, then you say I like to steal. Does that hurt your feelings?"



William Siegel



William Siegel



THIS DEPRESSION AFFECTS US ALL

Maurice Becker

Most of the men had driven over in flivvers. A heavier car drew up. A heavier man got out and came over.

Purcell had been a colonel in the war. "Talking about the drought?" he asked, eyeing each face in turn.

"Wardell's John killed a rattler in front of the house," said Davis. "The folks came over to find out just what a dead snake looks like. Would *you* like to see?"

A voice as vibrant and deep as Purcell's was a surprise, issuing from the small slit of his lips, while his full angular jaws worked up and down. He spoke deliberately, with his own emphasis.

"This 'drowt', or 'drooth' as Wardell calls it, has been a lucky break for you, Wardell. You were running pretty low in your line of knocks when this bad luck came along." Little gray eyes glared gleefully on either side of his small, fighty wedge of turned-up nose.

"The 'general' got his chip on his shoulder," one of the Wardell's boys whispered to the other.

"On his face, you mean, to keep his eyes from running together," John Wardell said aloud, staring at Purcell's nose.

"Some of us call it 'drowt' and some of us call it 'drooth'," said Wardell, "but they both mean that the crops are done for, water and forage are dried up, the cattle are dying, and we'll be needing food when our credit gives out at the stores in town. Unless, of course, the banks want to make us long term loans."

Purcell, the richest farmer in the district, had a finger in the Bank of Paris, of which his son-in-law was cashier.

"The trouble with Wardell is," Purcell said, preserving his good temper, but talking rather to the gathering than to Wardell, "the trouble with him is that he spends too much time nights read-

ing those books he has in the house, and looking up the long words in the dictionary. So he gets sleepy and sore at the world, don't you, Jim?" The men smiled, being let in on the joke by the big boss. "What was that book, in that package of yours that came undone in the post office that time?" Purcell was also post-master. "'Socialism Yewtopian and Scientific!'" He laughed. "Well, every man's got a right to read what he wants to in his own house, I guess, if he don't try to force others to think his crazy ways, too. But I went to school with Jim Wardell, didn't we, Jim, and I know he's still the same wild Jim, wild ideas, but a heart of gold. So if you get hungry, and he tries to feed you Socialism Yewtopian and Scientific, if you don't feel full, and I guess you won't, I think the Red Cross will do more for you all. I got to go. So long, Jim. So long, boys."

"The Red Cross!"

"The Red Cross!"

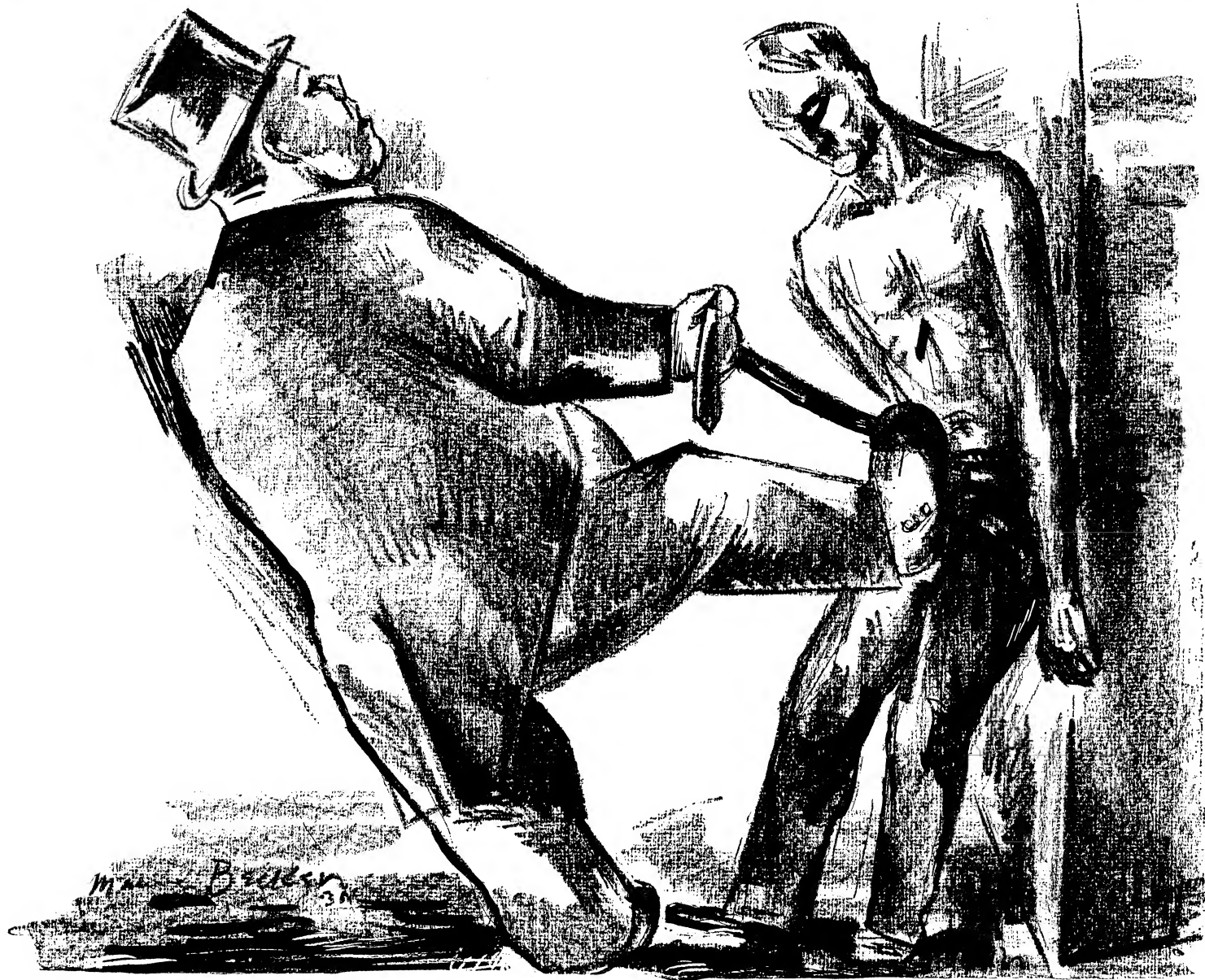
"They did fine work in the Mississippi flood!"

"The Red Cross!"

They began to drift away from Wardell's to town or home.

"So it's the Red Cross next," thought Wardell. "I know you dirt farmers! You've got to find out for yourselves. So it's the Red Cross you'll find out about now! And when you have, and I guess you'll get your chance this time, you'll be ready to show them a few things—"

"Say, Frances," he said when they were the last two left, "we can spare some of our milk for a baby, I guess. While the cow's still giving any. Drop in after milking. Throw that snake off the path, boys," he called from the porch, not to hear the young man's thanks.



THIS DEPRESSION AFFECTS US ALL

Maurice Becker

Two days later the snake was a length of shrivelled skin and spinal bones. The sun had dried it up.

It dried up the last "pot-hole" in that stretch of prairie, too, and the alkali sparkled thick on the bared bottom, with a likeness to snow strange under the red hot sun.

The "yellow-heads" from the "pot-hole" gathered in great flocks, and the farm people would stop to watch them escaping through the sky, deserting the country, as in the fall when they feel the cold coming.

"Say, Lil," said Purcell to his daughter at supper one night, "I thought Frances' cow died. I thought he'd be buying milk from us now. He's got a baby, ain't he?"

Purcell had been one of the first farmers to turn to dairying when the borers gnawed away the margin of profit the banks and railroads left on corn in that section. He had a fine herd of Holsteins and, as he could afford to ship in ensilage and water by the tank, had preserved them through the drought, leaving it to the dry spell to carry off the few heads owned by his small competitors.

"See, you don't know everything down at the bank," said his daughter, a fair, fat girl with big breasts, glasses and a gold incisor. "I happen to know that Jim Wardell is *giving* Frances milk."

"*Giving* it to him? I wonder if Frances has ever seen the way Wardell keeps his cow? I wouldn't give any baby of mine that milk. I guess Jim's got to give it away. He couldn't sell it. Well, it's only a few cents anyway."

Frances used to come a little early and sit in the kitchen a few minutes in the evening while Wardell was milking the cow.

"And how's the baby and how is Hilda today?" Mrs. Wardell would ask.

"It's very bad up there. Since she lost her milk, it's terrible. And then the cow dying. Yours is the only cow left around here, except Purcell's."

"Take this home to them," she would say when he went, his milk-can full. Wardell never asked her what was in the nameless parcels. But even the boys were going oftener to bed hungry, after eating everything there was. Sometimes there was no milk on the Wardell's table.

"The cow won't last much longer at this rate," said Wardell to his wife one night. Such a ridiculous sentence to make her heart almost stop beating!

One evening Ann Wardell thought Frances looked as if he hadn't eaten for two days, so she set some boiled dried beans, part of supper's only dish, before him. Wardell came in without the dribble of milk, and sat down.

"Don't you think the time is coming, Frank," he said, "when the poor farmers, people like you and me and the Davises and Wiggins and Drdla, will have to go and take the food out of the store-windows in Paris? There's always plenty of it there."

"You're a Socialist, ain't you?" Frank asked, ever so slyly, over his spoonful of beans.

("The branding reproach of Communism!")

"I'm a Communist, Frank."

"What does that mean?"—the beans suspended midway to the mouth.

"In this case, it means that I'm for unlimited free groceries and meat to all poor farmers. No rent for two years. Free seed. Free milk for babies."

"I guess you Reds want everything free," said Frank.

"I guess you will, too, before the baby's dead." Hard and bitter to hammer it home.

"Jim!"

"I know what I'm telling him, Ann. We're both dirt farmers, poor men, both came from the same class, so there's no reproach in your taking something from me when you need it, Frances. And there's no reproach meant, in my telling you that your kid would be dead but for your getting the milk from my cow. You couldn't buy it. Not from me, I wouldn't sell it to you. And you couldn't buy it from Purcell because he *would* sell it to you, and

you haven't got the money to buy it. Well, my cow's dying. Now what do you think about having milk *free*?"

"Dying? Your cow's dying?" Frances was the color of milk himself.

"She'll be dead by morning. Now I'm going out to see what I can do for her. There won't be any milk tonight or from now on. But don't forget that it was the dirty Communist, the Red, the Bolshevik who wants everything free for every poor farmer, who kept the kid alive till now."

Frances stumbled, with the empty milk-can, out the door Wardell had left open, past the barn where he saw a light, and the cow lying on her side, and Wardell bending over her.

"Jim's cruel, but Jim's right," said Mrs. Wardell. Her husband did not come back into the house, and she waited half an hour before she slipped out and across the field paths, with another milk-can.

Lily Purcell came to the door. "Oh, hello, Mrs. Wardell." The gold tooth haloed in a golden smile.

"Our cow's died," said Ann, holding out the can.

"Oh, she died, huh? Mr. Frances said she was going to."

"Did Frank get some milk?"

"Well, we milked early, Mrs. Wardell, and we had only enough for ourselves. Mr. Frances didn't have no money. There's so many like that now."

"I've got some money," Ann said.

"Well, I'll see if mother could spare a little. Give me the can."

Ann walked in the open door where it was plain to see the chickens also walked.

They didn't hear her come.

Hilda Frances was not crying. She was walking the bare floor, saying, "Baby, baby, baby, baby!" When she reached the wall she would stop. When she paced back, she would begin again, "Baby, baby, baby!" It was Frank, with his head in his arms, on the table, who was crying.

"We did get some milk, after all," said Ann Wardell.

Hilda stopped. "Milk! God bless you, Mrs. Wardell, God bless you! Oh, God bless you!"

"A funny God that brings babies into the world, and takes away their mother's milk, and kills the cows that feed them, Mrs. Frances. But let me have a look at the baby before I go."

"You got milk for them at Purcell's!" Jim said when she came in.

"Yes."

He frowned but said nothing.

"You've got to stop," he told her a week later. "You can't do it. The cold's coming. We've only got so much. You're taking the food from John and Robert."

"You can't let a baby die."

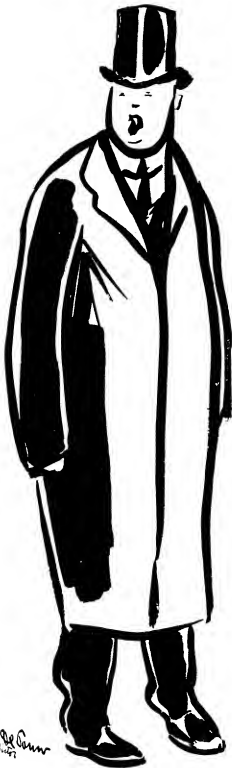
"Worse things will happen before this winter's over. What good does it do? Keep it alive another week. You'll *have* to stop then. And you're only taking it away from the boys. They'll be up against it soon enough. That's the trouble with your charity. You can't keep it up, and it only makes Frank and his wife hope it's forever. It makes them content. And they can't be. When he sees the baby's going to die, he'll cry for milk and food along with the rest of us. He's got to. It's coming. It's coming soon."

"Say, are you really a Socialist?" asked Davis, driving his Ford up to the house.

"What do you want to know for?" asked Wardell with his foot



Victor De Pauw
A Pillar of Society



Victor De Pauw
A Pillar of Society

on the running board. "Bunch of the boys want to lynch me?"

"Not yet, Jim," grudging a lop-sided smile since his face was lop-sided. "Hell is going to break loose around here soon, if things don't get any better, and they may be wanting you then. But this here I came about, is personal business. There's a family of greasers squatting on my land, and they won't get off. They've got four kids, and the woman just had twins last night. No doctor! They haven't got no food, and the man says they ain't got no gasoline so they can't go on, they've just got to stop on my place. Well, they ain't going to. We can't feed the white men up there now, let alone greasers. Of course, I can have them run in down in Paris. But on account of the woman having those kids last night, I thought maybe—some of your Socialist ideas—you'd let them stay on your place."

"I'm not a Socialist," said Wardell.

"What the hell are you then?"

"I'm a Communist."

"What's that?"

"Well, just now it means I want free food for every farmer that can't pay for it, free milk for the babies, free rent, and if we can't get free food, I'm going and taking it."

"What did you say you called yourself?"

"A Communist."

"That's like a Red, Russians, huh?"

"No, workingmen and poor farmers, like you and me."

"Do you have a secret society?"

"The Communists are a political party, called the Communist Party of the United States."

"And they believe in free food?"

"Yes."

"I'll be over tonight," said Davis, "I've got to go to Paris now. Goodbye, Jim. I'll tell those Mexicans to come down here."

"If you won't let them on your own place."

That day it began to snow, suddenly, before dark.

"Ann, I think Davis will come over to us," he said as he sat down to the boiled beans.

"Come over?"

"To us. He's coming here tonight."

"Jim, be careful."

"I'll be as careful as I can. The time is past when we can afford to be too careful. Stay up tonight, boys, and listen to what Mort Davis and I talk about."

The deep snow separated the farms, but it made starvation general.

At first they burned the fence-posts, those who had them; the others, the floor boards in the barns. Those who had no barns burned their hen-coops. But after charcoal, what?

The men took out their guns, the pretext being to hunt jack-rabbits, though most of them had died in the drought. But the women had no pretext and no will to escape the wailing of the babies, for whom there was no milk, and the whimpering and gaunt eyes of the older children.

The men made an honest search for game, but by afternoon most of them drifted into Paris, with their guns under their arms.

Many of them passed the bank windows, never suspecting what was going on within. Purcell saw them as he leaped to his feet in the fury of wrangling with his son-in-law, the cashier, and old Dr. Jespersion, the president, and walked to the front window of the Bank of Paris.

"They're walking around the streets with guns now, and you talk about closing the bank! I knew you'd do this," he screamed, shaking his fist at his son-in-law, the heavy jaws turkey red. "I knew you'd do this, I knew you would! You and your damn fool farm mortgages! And now the bank will crash, and so will you, and so will the Doc! But I won't! I took care of that!"

The main road entered Paris after turning a right angle, around an osage hedge, and crossing a creek, dried up in the drought, on a wooden bridge. It passed the double row of store-fronts, and returned to the prairie on the other side. Two tracks led south and north to scattered farms. The latter had once been busy when Purcell worked his ground-level mines in the hills, twenty miles to the north. They had been closed down for years.

Wardell and Davis found about thirty armed men on the main street.

"I don't know what to do," said a little man named Shays, "my

baby's dying. He's dying all right, dying. And we haven't got milk."

"Neither have we!"

"We haven't had any for two days. My baby's dying."

"We got some but my credit's gone. We can't even get any food. But milk comes first."

"There's only one place you can get milk around here," said Wardell.

"Where's that?"

"At Purcell's."

"We know that! Where are we going to get the money? He's not giving it away, and he don't trust now."

"Did you say your kid was dying, Dan?" Wardell asked Shays.

"Yes, he'll die if I don't get him milk."

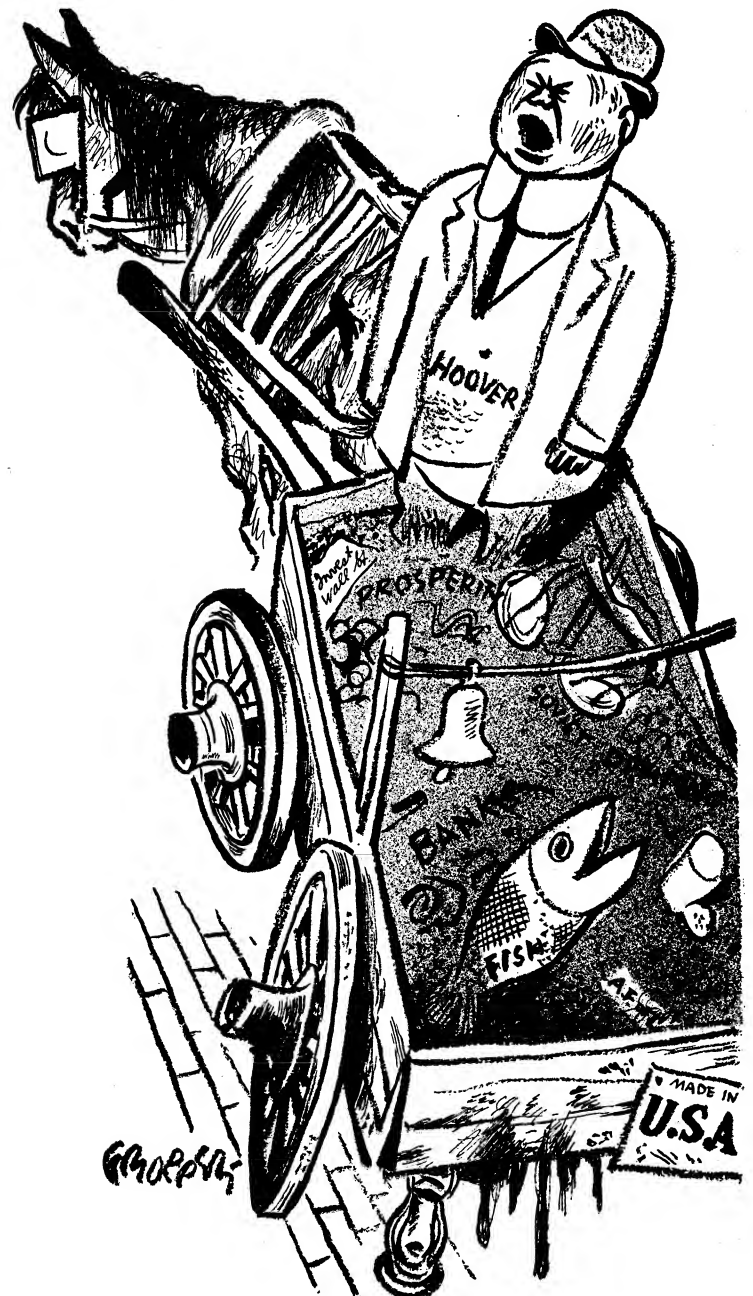
"I'm glad you got a rifle with you. Will you come with me to Purcell's and make them give you milk?"

The little man blenched. "Take it from Purcell, you mean?"

"That's what I mean. Will anyone else come with us? Will you, Doscher?"

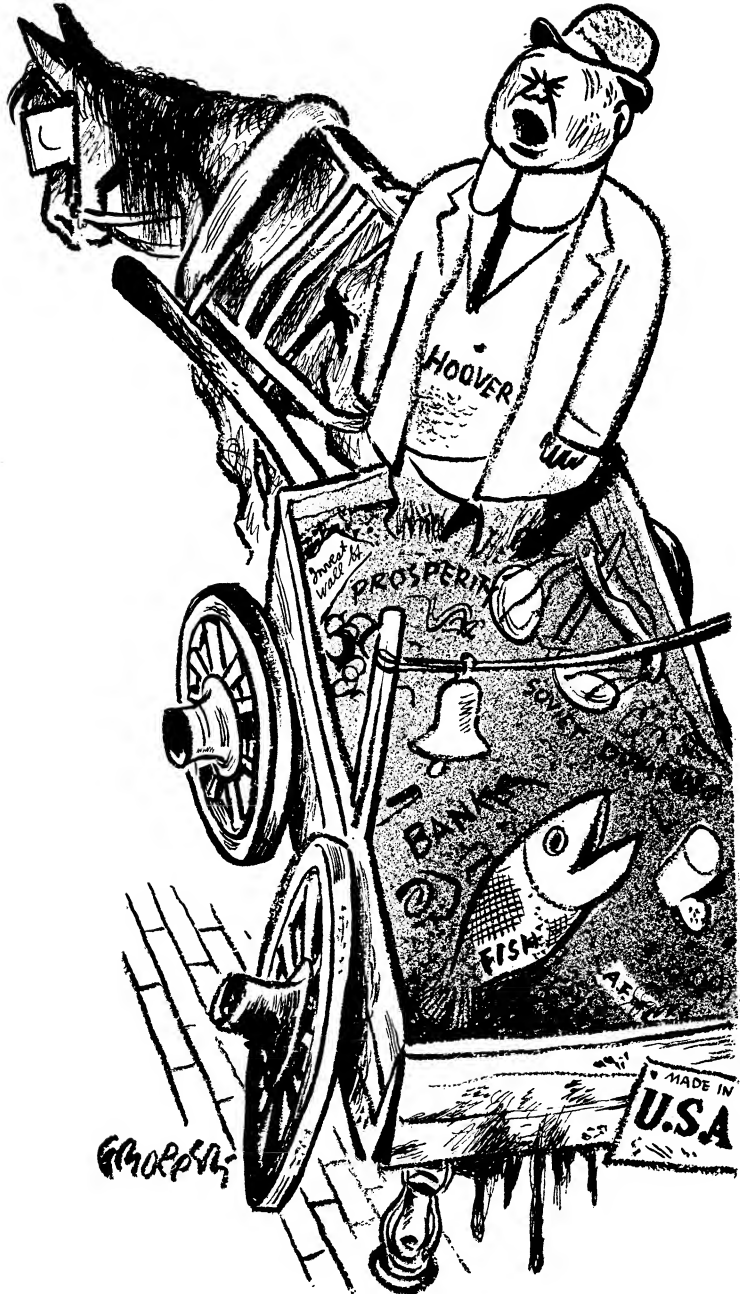
"No, I won't. I know your Socialist ideas! What do you think I am, a thief?"

"Will you lend me your gun, Doscher?" asked Davis. "I'd like to go with Jim and Shays. You know, our farms are too near together, and I can't stand listening to your baby scream itself to death, even if you can."



PEDDLING THE SAME OLD JUNK

William Gropper



PEDDLING THE SAME OLD JUNK

William Gropper

"I'll go!"

"I'll go!"

"I'll go!"

In the end, Doscher went, too.

They tramped out the western side of the town, fighting their way through the snow, and, in half an hour, were at Purcell's.

Wardell led them to the back door.

"Lilian," he said, "some of these men have babies, and all of us have children. None of us have any money. If those babies don't get their milk tonight, some of them will die. They'll all die in a week or two. Will you give us milk?"

"Give it to you? How can I give it to you, Jim Wardell? You're crazy!"

"You've got to give it to us."

"How can I give it to you? To all of you?"

"You've got to give it to us. We know how to milk cows just as well as you do. If you don't give it to us, we'll go down to the barn and take it."

She screamed. "I won't."

"In other words, you want us to take it. All right, we'll take it!"

"Wait, wait a minute, wait!" She flew into the house.

All three men sat stiff and terrified as the phone rang in the bank.

"Well then, I'll answer it," said Purcell.

"They want you to give it to them?" he shouted. "Guns? Oh, I see," he said, "Wardell! I see. Well, give it to them! Give it to them! Give it to them!" He missed the hook as he slammed the receiver against the case.

"There's only enough here to last two days at most," said Wardell as they broke up.

"We'll make it last five," they said, laughing.

The night the bank failed, Frank's baby died.

He had not been out of the house for three days. He knew nothing of the milk seizure at Purcell's. The wailing of the baby and his own hunger kept him awake, but at last exhaustion stretched him out. He awoke with a start to see Hilda bending over the drawer where they kept the child in some dirty blankets. It seemed to him as if someone had screamed.

"What is it, Hil?" She had a blanket in her hand.

"I think baby's dead."

"No." He leaped up. He looked at it and listened for breathing.

"I'll get the doctor."

"Oh, what's the use of the doctor, he won't come now."

"He will!"

"You can't get him in time, you know there's no gas in the Ford."

"I'll go. I'll run. I'll get him. I'll get him."

He did not tie his shoes. He stumbled where he broke through the snow. He felt the ice-crust under his hands as he fell, and its edges cut his ankles. But he kept running.

"How can I get two miles through this snow?" asked old Dr. Jespersion, the bank president, who for some reason was up alone at that hour, with a bottle of whiskey on the table.

"You can make it in the car. You must try to save her, Doctor, you must."

"Oh, don't plead, don't plead, I know I've got to go! God damned Hippocratic oath!"

"Of course, it's dead," said the old man, standing well back from the drawer which smelt of wet as he of whiskey. "Been dead a couple of hours! What do you mean bringing a baby into this world when you can't take care of it! What do you get married for? I don't suppose there's a crumb of bread in the house," he said, looking at the walls. "Damndest profession in the world! Damndest profession in the world! Now there'll be an epidemic of dying. There ought to be."

Hilda watched him drive away.

Frank was sobbing with his head on the table. Suddenly he straightened up. "Wardell killed her," he shouted. "He stopped the milk on her, I know he did. The dirty lousy Red. He did it. He killed her, God curse him!"

"Don't be a fool," said Hilda quietly, "I killed her myself. Do you think I wanted to see her tortured to death by inches? I killed her with the blanket.—God?"

He sprang at her, but she ran away from him and out the door, slamming it. She ran farther, thinking he would follow, but he stopped beside the baby.



Herb Kruckman

"Before I took up golf, I used to get nervous when people watched me do anything . . ."

She saw the big square outlines of Purcell's house and barns against the white snow. Milk! She had barely passed it when it seemed to her as if an army were pursuing her, crunching through the snow, with bells and sounds like faint horns, snorting. She was overwrought. Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord. Might He find pleasure in taking vengeance on a mother who had smothered her baby? Was He after her? She ran, wilder and wilder, mad with a desire to scream, but terrified to silence. Finally she just began to laugh. It was much simpler, and it was all funny, and she just laughed and laughed and laughed.

What she had taken for God was Purcell's blooded Holsteins. He was removing the whole herd, in the dead of night, to the livery stable in Paris where there was law and order. There would be no more free milk.

When the snow fell, they moved the Mexicans into the upstairs room. The Wardell boys slept in the remnants of hay in the barn loft. It was bitter cold, and they were grateful for the meetings that postponed till late the necessity of trying to sleep.

Wardell and his wife, Davis, and the two boys would sit around the table, with the five sheets of paper and pens before them, and the bottle of ink in the middle. Carrillo, the Mexican sat to one side. He spoke only broken English, but his black eyes gazed fixedly from either side of his nose, with its coarse pores, in an undefeated effort to grasp by chance word and gesture what the others were discussing.

There was no hectograph, no mimeograph, no typewriter. Everything had to be written by hand. There were five right hands. At the top of their first handbill they printed:

**"YOUR MILK GIVES OUT TODAY!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW?"**

The bills were tacked to the front porches of houses on each of the four roads into Paris, east and west, north and south. Drdla had one, and Doscher, Davis and Wardell. One the boys took to Ryder's, a farmer who lived ten miles farther to the south where the men seldom came to town.

"Are you going to the meeting at Wardell's?" Doscher asked Shays, who was reading the tacked up bill.

"Of course, I'm going. Who got us milk?"

"He got it for us all right last time, it might not be so easy now. Jim's a queer bird. He's a Socialist."



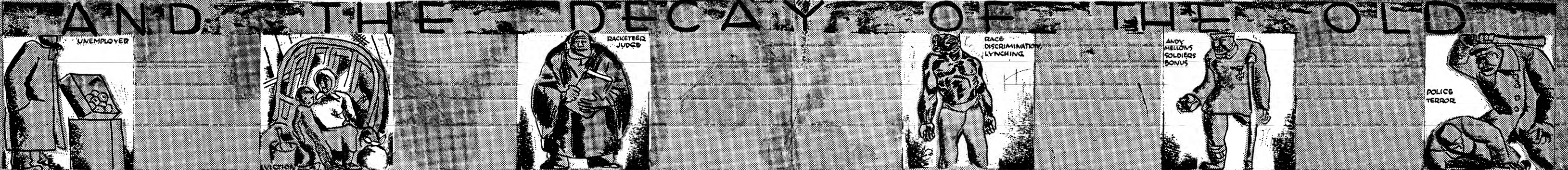
Herb Kruckman

"Before I took up golf, I used to get nervous when people watched me do anything . . ."



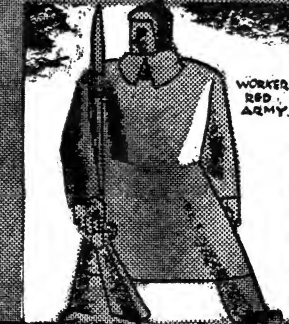
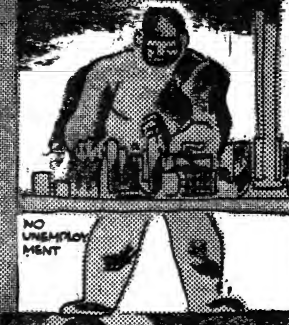
Herb Kruckman

"Before I took up golf, I used to get nervous when people watched me do anything . . ."



NEW MASSES

MARCH 1931



THE MAKING OF A NEW WORLD



AND THE DECAY OF THE OLD



NEW MASSES

"Well, what of it? Anyway, I hear he ain't a Socialist."

"Ain't a Socialist?"

"No, they've got some other name for it. They call it a Communeist."

"What's that make him?"

"It makes him for us, I guess. That's all I know about it. I'll see you at Wardell's."

"Why should I go to Wardell's?" Frances answered Davis. "Don't you think I know what Wardell's up to? He'll be running for something next. Anyway, the Red Cross is going to help us, ain't it? The paper says so."

"You'll find out what a whole lot of good the Red Cross is going to do you, when they get here—if they get here."

"I guess I'll be there," Wiggins, a heavy-set farmer, who had just began to feel the pinch, told Drdla. Drdla objected to tacking up the handbill, so the men simply came to his house and read it. Wiggins stood reading it with his wife, a tall spare woman whose black eyes looked in a perfectly level line out of the bones of her face.

"I'll be there," she said. "Look at them!" The five children sat in the back of the Ford. They made no effort to get out.

"But I see the Red Cross is going to help us," her husband objected. "They won't like this." He rapped the handbill with the back of his hand.

"We may need them both," said his wife.

Purcell's frantic wires to the Governor, and Senator Bagheot in Washington, described the seizure of milk at a local farm by one hundred armed farmers, led by loafers. A supplementary wire described the leader, one Wardell, a chronic trouble-maker.

The Senator was handed both wires at breakfast by his young wife, who continued to act as his secretary.

"I did not want to disturb you with them last night, Senator," she said.

Bagheot read them through with a concentration that was partly the difficulty that he had in seeing; at seventy he would not hear of glasses.

"A cheap demagogue!" the old man exploded when he had finished the characterization of Wardell. "A cheap demagogue! Trading on the sufferings of those poor farmers! They always come to the front in times like these."

He acted with promptness and efficiency. Talking over long distance with the Governor of the State, he made sure that the Red Cross would be operating in Paris the next day.

"Even a very little relief. . ."

"I can't hear you," said the Governor.

"Well, why the Devil can't you hear me! What's the matter with your connection? I said even a very little relief will quiet the mob. Unless you take some such measures, the merchants must either put their stocks in the streets, or machine-guns in their windows."

"Yes, yes. Everything of that sort will be seen to. How is it in Washington, as cold as it is here?"

"Well, we've had a little snow," the voice quavered.

Senator Bagheot then dictated to his wife his statement to the press. "Conditions in my State, brought to my attention today by the newspapers, show extreme suffering in the country districts. I shall move for Federal aid tomorrow. Congress has not treated the suffering resulting from this winter sympathetically, but I believe that when the members of Congress return, after facing their constituents, their action will be a little different."

"That's good, eh, huh?" he chuckled to his wife. "I guess that will show them who lives in a glass house, politically speaking!"

"Remember, Dr. Styres said you were to have no undue excitement."

The State organization of the Red Cross proved itself equal to the situation which it was called upon by the Governor to control. Over night, it completed plans for immediate relief for all who could furnish evidence of bona fide suffering.

In this work it was planned to cooperate with local community leaders, since they were assumed to be better informed as to local persons, cases and needs, rather than to "foist an alien organization on the town from without."

They simply sent a supervisor, who sat beside Lily Purcell, the local head of the Red Cross, in the little relief station they had rented in her brother's empty store.

Back of the counter, at which they sat, were cans of milk, bags of flour, sugar, etc.

"We ought to spread some bags of flour on the counter. There's nothing like it for psychological effect, for raising the spirits of hungry people," said the Red Cross supervisor, who, like Miss Purcell, wore glasses. "It's unfortunate, though, that you had this thaw last night. It's opened the roads, and of course it would have been better if we had had a few days to get things firmly in hand. It will probably let more of them through to that meeting at Wardell's, too. But I calculate that our opening at the same hour as the meeting will also have its psychological effect. I guess they'll be here, rather than there."

That morning the Mexicans left Wardell. He heard them talking all night, Carrillo urging, his wife opposing, but at last her opposition growing fainter, perhaps tired out.

In the morning they all came down into the lower room. The children stood in a ragged line, mute, and stared. The wife, looking much like the children, but with a twin on either arm, also stared.

"Companero Ooardell," said Carrillo, "we are going away. You have no food for yourselves. The roads opened last night. Companero Ooardell, you are a good man. Your wife, she is a good woman. Your sons, they are good young men. If I go east or if I go west, if I go north or if I go south, I will always come back here. Sometimes I will come to take, sometimes to bring. But I will always remember that you saved our lives. I thank you, my wife thanks you, and my children thank you. Goodbye, companeros."

His wife smiled and nodded, and they all went away, having somehow gotten their Ford to start.

"So the Carrillos have left you?" said Davis. "I guess that Mex figured there was going to be shooting, and a fight's a poor place for a greaser."

"Think so? I wouldn't be too hopeful about the shooting, Mort. In the first place, what are we going to get by shooting—yet? In the second place, though that crowd learned some kind of a lesson when they took the milk from Purcell, they've had time to think it over. You'll see, those that come here today are a little scared of themselves."

"You forget their kids are still crying."

"I don't forget it at all."

Before noon the little house was so packed with men and women's bodies, you couldn't walk a foot. The heat rose perceptibly and with it the smell of cow and horse manure and humans.

"We can't talk in here," Wardell called out. "Everybody outside!"

"Line up those cars in a half dozen rows," he said, "and sit in them." His own car was standing in front of the house. It was open and the top was down. His wife got in, and Davis. Wardell stood on the front seat and talked.

"I'm glad to see that there are so few of us here," he said. "It means that only the most reliable and the most needy are here. It means we can move together easier, and have more confidence in each other. And we need that."

"I'm glad to see, too, that you women have brought your babies with you. It's another sign that you're not afraid, and it means that we'll never lose sight of why we're going to Paris."

"And we're going down to Paris. We're starving, and we're going to Paris to get food. I hear that the Red Cross is going to give it to us. Now I want to tell you *how* they're going to give to us."

"First of all, before they give us anything, we've got to prove that we're not 'imposters'. That's what they're calling some of us now. In other words, we've got to prove that we really are starving to death. Can you prove it?"

Growls.

"Then, when we've proved that we're starving, I want to tell you *what* they'll give us."

"How do you know what they're going to do?" asked a voice. Other voices: "Ssh! Ssh!"

"Never mind, Ar Crocker, just remember that we *did* tell you, when the time comes," Davis bawled back.

"They're going to give us *one* loaf of bread! Not one apiece, but one to each family! One bag of flour—the same! Maybe some bacon!"

"How much milk?" called a woman.
"Enough for two days."

"What good does two days do? We had a day's before, and we made it last three. Now if they give us two day's, and we make it last five, what'll we do when it's gone?"

"It's the same with all the rest of the relief. It will last two days. What are you going to do when it's gone? There's food enough in the stores of Paris to last us for weeks. But they won't give it to us, because the Red Cross will only give a little money for a place like Paris, and most of that went to buying Purcell's milk for today's relief. Never mind how I know!"

"The thing for us to do now, is to force them to give some food today. And to do that, we've got to all go down together. If we go in one by one, they'll cheat us, or they'll say we're not starving, and we won't get any relief at all.

"Now before we go, I want to ask you something. How many of you have guns in your cars? Nine, ten, eleven. You, too, Doscher? Good! Every man who brought his gun today, was with us when we forced Purcell to give us milk. Those men learned something. But you've got to be doubly careful today not to use your guns unless somebody starts shooting at you first. I'll tell you why. We're starving. But they don't want to give us food. They give us food only to keep us quiet. You men with guns are the leaders in forcing them to give us food. Because they're afraid of guns. These babies and these children and some of you keep on fighting. They'll kill you, because you're out-numbered. And when you're dead, Purcell and the rest will be boss here, and your babies will go just as hungry, but there'll be nobody to get them food. The time is not quite ripe for shooting. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"We can threaten them today, we can force them, we may even *have* to shoot, but don't fire a gun if you can help it. Not today!"

"Now, the cars with guns in the lead! Let's go!"

The grating of thirty gears, slipping from first to second, to high.

"I don't see how he can possibly claim to be starving," said Lily Purcell to the Red Cross supervisor: (The milk Frances did not buy!) "His baby died two days ago, and nobody knows where his wife is!"

"Well, at least he can't have any milk. That settles that right off!"

Frank Frances had gone to the meeting. He was one of the first outside the relief store doors when they opened. For fifteen minutes he had been attempting to establish his status as a starving man. Meanwhile the line grew behind him, at first grumbling, then shouting, "Give him something!"

"This is no way to begin!" The supervisor scanned their heads disapprovingly. "Too many eye sockets!" he thought. He was unwilling to cede ground at once, and would not give Lily Purcell the order, "Let him have some bread."

Suddenly there was a shout from the edge of the crowd. "They're coming! They're coming!"

From the west the line of thirty cars swept into the town, two abreast. They stopped in the middle of the street. The men and women got out, the men with their guns, the women with their babies.

The crowd opened for thirteen men with guns. "Now we'll get some food!"

Wardell and Davis stopped where Frances stood suspended in



A HEART RENDING STORY

I. Klein

an act of appeal. Lily Purcell and her supervisor stared.

Shays, Doscher, Drdla, staring back over the ends of their guns, which they rested on the floor.

Mrs. Wiggins with a baby in her arms had pressed to the front.

"What are you going to give us?" said Davis.

"Yes, what are you going to give us?" asked Mrs. Wiggins.

"I don't know that we're going to give you anything. At least until you put those guns down," he said, tonguing his lips that were like earthworms that have been out too long in the rain.

"Give that man some bread," said Wardell.

"I don't think he deserves any. And I'm not taking orders here, I'm giving them!"

Several men laughed.

"And you, Lily, give Mrs. Wiggins some flour."

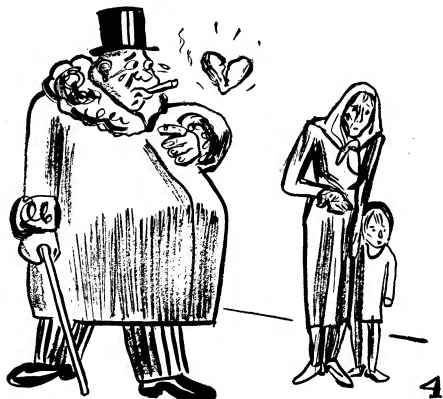
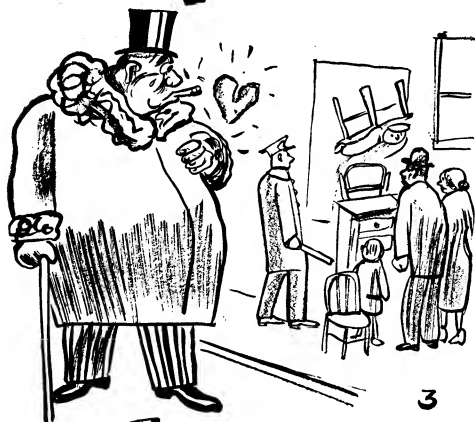
"She *certainly* don't need any. I know her well. She's a regular trouble-maker." She appealed to the Red Cross knight.

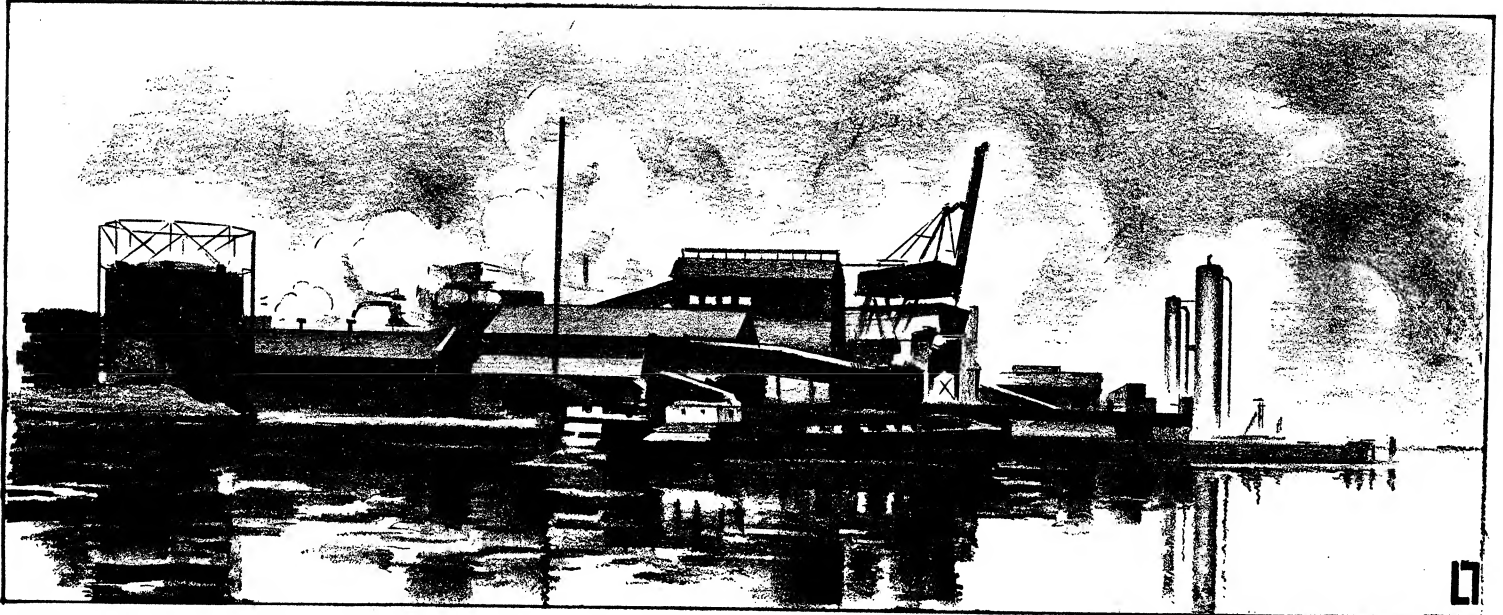
"Give her some flour!"

"Don't give her flour!" said the supervisor. "These people are not ready for relief. They don't know how to take it. *This place is closed!* Get out!"

"Take it, men," said Wardell. "Don't hurt anybody. See that everybody gets a bag, Mrs. Wiggins."

"Oh! Oh! They're stealing our flour! They're stealing our





INDUSTRIAL SCENERY

Louis Lozowick

flour!" Lily continued to scream until the store was stripped and empty. Mrs. Wiggins, who had been passing out the bags, was the last to leave. As she took up her own bag, Lily tried to stop her.

"You can't have that, you *can't* steal it!" She hung on to the bag with the grip of a kind of death she felt freezing her. Finally Mrs. Wiggins wrenched it loose. The girl's nails had torn the bag.

"Sow!" cried Mrs. Wiggins, seeing the waste. She struck Lily Purcell cross the lower face with the bag. The flour whited her face like a clown's. Her glasses fell off and smashed. She screamed.

"She's killing me! She's killing me! She's stealing! She's killing me! She's stealing!" She was sobbing, a gulping blubber that shook her breasts.

"Shut up!" Mrs. Wiggins herself screamed. "Shut up! I'm sorry I hurt you!"

Picking up the baby, she ran out of the store.

"Into the stores, men!" cried Davis and Wardell at opposite ends of the street. Some of the storekeepers tried locking up.

"If you don't open that door, we'll come in through the window," shouted Drdla.

The doors opened.

It was dark before all the milk had been taken from Purcell's cows, and the food apportioned and piled in the cars.

They started on a signal from Wardell, moving more consciously together as a mass than ever before. As they left the village, they were grim, still. Once outside it they began to laugh. They felt strong. They also felt afraid.

By then it had begun to snow again, fat, heavy flakes.

"How long do you think this lot will last?" asked Davis in the head car with Wardell.

"The food about two weeks, the milk, of course, only a few days."

"Then?" asked Davis.

"Well, they'll never let us do this again."

"You mean—shooting?"

"I suppose so. Everything depends on quick organization now, Mort. Shays and Doscher and Drdla and Mrs. Wiggins, and Frances, and any others we're sure about. You can be sure Purcell sent the SOS over the wires by now. Tomorrow or the day after, they'll have the troops here."

"I've been wondering about Purcell's old mine shafts in the hills."

"Oh, you have?"

Later Davis said, "I think you're wrong about Frances, Jim. I don't trust him."

"Of course, you may be right. It's true he's weak. It takes a lot to bring him over, and a lot to keep him going. But he's been through a lot by now. We've got to make the most of what we've got."

The cars moved slowly, so close together that the lights, many

of them dim or missing, cast a blurred glare from the rear-ends on the snow.

A car appeared, moving in the other direction. It stopped. They came abreast and stopped also.

"Mister Ooardel?"

"It's your Mex," said Davis. Wardell got out.

"I hear in the town ten miles away, there is fighting in Paris. Everybody is much excited." He was excited himself. "Everybody say he will take food, too. So I came back, Companero, I thought you need men."

"Them greasers have a long nose for food," said Shays. "They can smell a jumping bean no matter where it hops."

"Go get your own, Mex," said Drdla, "there ain't any here for you."

"He ain't asking you for food!" Drdla's eyes blinked before Davis turned away. "He's asking you if you'll allow him to shoot a gun shoulder to shoulder with you. I suppose you know you may be needing him. You come up to my place, Carrillo. You and your retinoo." He looked at the battered Ford.

It stopped the laughter. The cars dropped away one by one.

"I'm sending my boys away tomorrow, Mort," said Wardell.

"Where to?"

"East, to the comrades. I want them to be gone before the troops come. I'm driving them to the main road, at Tyrone, in the morning."

"I hope so. Anyway, out there they'll be learning something. What is there for them here—shooting, lynching? That's our business yet. Theirs is to learn more about Communism first."

Silence.

"Tell the comrades what we are doing," Wardell said as he stopped the car at the cross-roads the next morning. "Tell them we're organizing. Tell them that already there are many of us. Tell them we've got the dirt farmers here in motion. And make them understand that what we need above everything else, what we must have, is a hectograph."

"Try to get jobs and stick together."

"Now go along. I think you can hitch; if you can't, be careful on the freights. We've got no use for dead men or cripples. Come back alive in the spring, there's nothing here for you now but hunger."

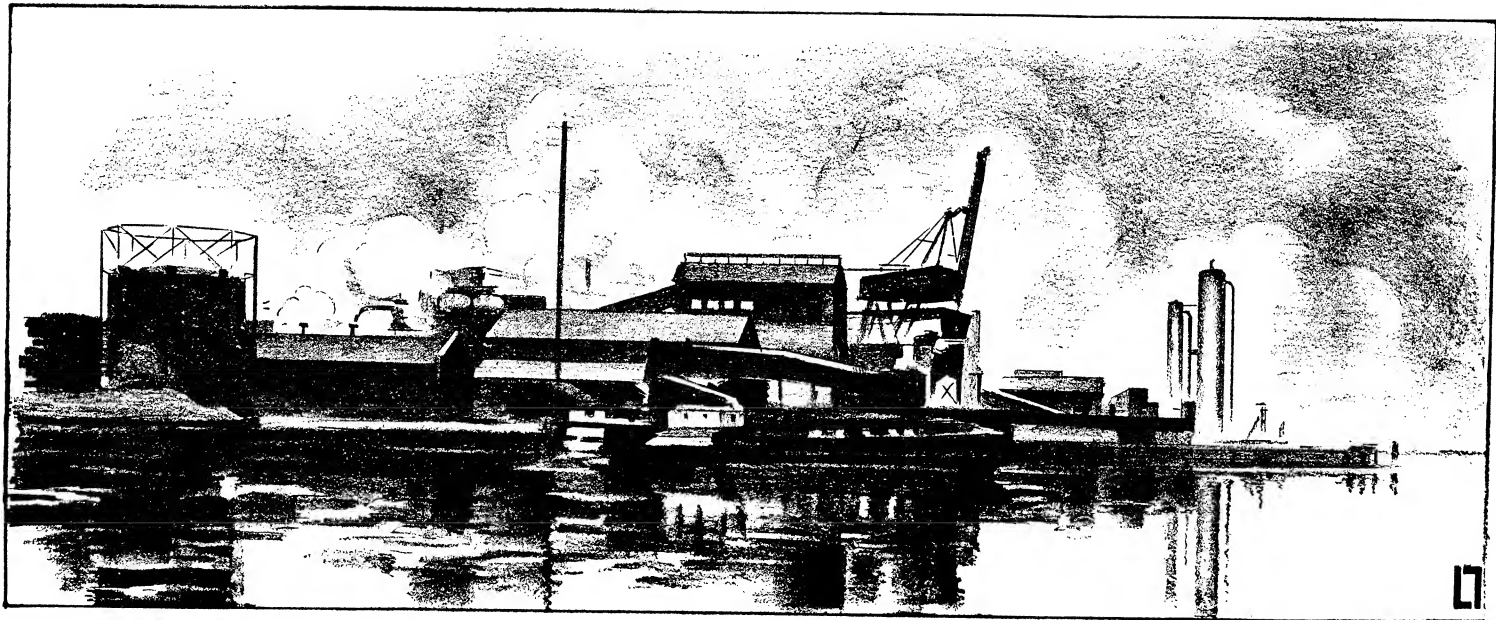
The snow was fine and dry, and blew in little lifting spirals on the asphalt of the highway, which was comparatively open.

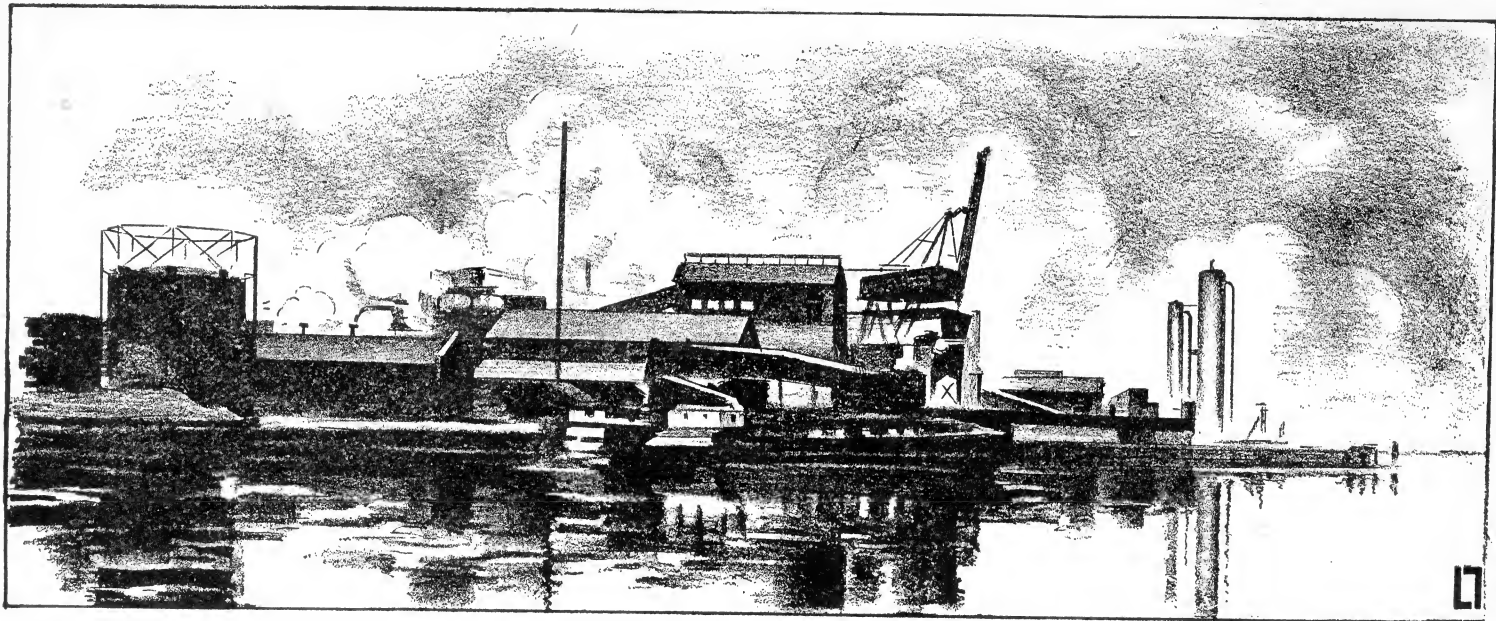
The boys got out and walked off together toward the east. The road followed the roll of the prairie. Coming to the top of the first rise, they turned and, standing together, waved.

They shouted. The cold wind preserved the ring of their voices that the snow might have muffled, blowing their words to the silent man and woman beside the Ford.

"We'll be back in the spring!"

"Could you make out both their voices?" she asked.

*INDUSTRIAL SCENERY**Louis Lozowick*



INDUSTRIAL SCENERY

Louis Lozowick

MARY LEAR

BESSIE: A Garment Strike Story

I was numb with cold. The pain in my frost-bitten fingers brought tears to my eyes; and each time the penetrating wind raised a gust of snow, a cold chill passed through me, and my teeth chattered. But with a desperate effort, I walked on.

I was a striker. Nor was I alone. There were sixty of us—men, women and girls—walking two-by-two in a long line. At the end of the block the line would curve, and we would turn slowly, silently, and pass the entrance of the building, where a squad of policemen and a number of detectives were watching alertly every move we made.

Ours was a peaceful demonstration. To approach the strike-breakers who took our places in the dress-factories was impossible—the police would drag us away the minute we came near them. Day after day dozens of pickets were arrested. Others took their places. Our solidarity was our strength.

It was after five on a gloomy February afternoon, and it was rapidly getting dark.

"Look at the machine that's comin' for the scabs!" the girl next to me in line suddenly exclaimed. She was a young thing of seventeen or eighteen, small and slender. Her face was blue with the cold, and so were her gloveless hands, which she tried to warm in the pockets of her old, worn coat.

"We're freezin' here like dogs, an' them scabs who took our jobs comin' an' goin' home in machines!" she flashed out angrily. "Wait, I am goin' to speak to them drivers! They ain't got no right to carry scabs!"

Before I had time to interfere, she was off. I ran after her, but it was too late. A big, heavy policeman was holding her.

"Please, leave her alone!" I protested. "She hasn't done anything wrong!"

"You think so, eh?" he grumbled. "Come along, too!" He grabbed me by the arm.

It was useless to argue. Besides, a crowd of strikers began to gather around us, and I knew that more arrests would follow.

"Let them go! Let them girls alone!" indignant voices came from the crowd. "why do you arrest them?"

The police became busy. . . There was a scuffle. . . someone shrieked. . . someone shouted. . . someone fell and was dragged over the muddy snow. . . clubs rained blows right and left. . . a man with a blood-streaked face, fighting a policeman, yelled with rage. . .

The patrol wagon arrived. There were twenty of us, frightened, hysterical, many bleeding, shoved into it and taken to the nearest police station. . . I was locked up in a cell together with other girl pickets.

"The cop hit me with the club. . . " one of the girls showed a bruised arm. "'Cause I didn't move on quick enough for him. . . "

"Did you see the way they dragged Mollie? . . . " a girl in a torn coat cried. . . "An' look at my coat," she wept. "Sleeve torn n' all. . . I only bought it before Christmas. . . "

I didn't escape unhurt. The policeman's iron grip on my arm left a blue and black mark, and my arm was swollen. But I wouldn't let him drag me.

"Easy, officer!" I protested. "No need to break my arm! I don't refuse to follow you!"

"Shut up!" he answered roughly, but he eased his grip.

A few days later we were arraigned in the Jefferson Market Court, and fined five dollars each. The same union lawyer who had bailed us out the evening we were arrested paid the fines for us.

"Five dollars for the first offense;

ten for the second; and workhouse sentences for anyone of you who is arrested the third time!" the judge warned us.

Thus began the third week of the garment strike.

"But I signed the agreement," argued Mr. Hesser, when the strike was declared. "Why should you walk out on me? You want forty-four hours? All right! I'll give you half a day off on Saturdays. I don't want no strike in my place!"

In vain did Bessie, one of the machine operators, who was our union representative, explain to him that we must go out on strike out of solidarity.

"We'll be out a few days only," she tried to pacify him. "An' we surely ain't goin' to picket your place, Mr. Hesser," she assured him.

We did not picket Mr. Hesser's factory, but we picketed the large dress houses on Madison Avenue where strike breakers were employed.

"Who is volunteering for picketing duty today?" the union organizer called out every morning when we reported at the strikers' hall. "Girls! It's your chance to show what you can do for your union!... Come on, girls! You'll soon be off half a day Saturdays!"

Together with Bessie and other girls I was sent to picket non-union places. One evening as we walked back and forth in front of a building, I suddenly saw Margaret, Stella, and the colored matron Elsie, with whom I had worked in the Klein dress house, step out cautiously from a vestibule and hurry along the street. The minute they saw us, they began to run.

"We ain't goin' to strike!" Margaret threw at us defiantly. "We're satisfied! . . . Get along, girls, don't be afraid of them!"

I appealed to Stella. "Don't you want to be off a half day Saturdays? Think what it will mean to all of us!"

"Don't I? I should say, I do! Only we ain't got much of a chance with Clara. . . We've been out long enough. . . It's only a short time since we've been taken back. Say, I'm married, you know. . . "

"Really? I am awfully glad to hear it, Stella!"

"Yes. . . I'm goin' to work for a while though. . . To give John a better start. . . Say, it'd be great to work less hours. I'd have time to do my housework Saturdays, so I could be free Sundays. . . Only, as I said, we ain't moved to this Madison Avenue place, she's been doin' all the bossin', and you know what that means. . . Margaret is scared stiff to lose her job again—you can't talk to her—she makes me sick! . . . "

"Come on, Stella! Don't you let her talk to you! Come on this minute I say! We ain't goin' to strike! . . . " Margaret called to her. "You leave us alone!" she snapped at me, as they ran to the subway station.

"Well, I'll talk to them in a different way next time!" Bessie said angrily. "Slavies! . . . It's because of the likes of them that we can't win the strike!"

Bessie, the robust, heavily built dress operator wasn't afraid of anything or anybody. She entered fearlessly into non-union places, and ordered the work-ers to join the strikers.

"Come on!" she told me one morning. "You come with me. Here!" she said, as we walked up endless flights of stairs, avoiding the elevators, and reached the sixth floor of a building. "It's here they want scabs! Say you want a job."



"You ain't the whole earth,
Not by a damn sight!"

Juanita Preval



*"You ain't the whole earth,
Not by a damn sight!"*

Juanita Preval

"What's youse girls want?" asked the man who owned the small dress shop, looking at us suspiciously.

"Lookin' for work." Bessie answered.

The man scrutinized us for a while. He didn't trust us, but he needed help badly.

"All right," he said at last. "Take your hats and coats off. There's the coat room," and he motioned to the right. But Bessie didn't stop to take her things off. As soon as she entered the workroom, where twenty workers were making garments, Bessie went straight to the machines and turned off the electric power.

"All out and join the strikers!" she commanded, her eyes flashing. "Every one of you! There's more of us downstairs waitin' for you, see? Come on, girls and fellows! This is your chance to join the strike and get your union books! Don't be scabs! . . ."

The frightened workers followed us. We brought them triumphantly to the strikers' headquarters.

The strikers' halls were situated on the lower East Side—on Fourth Street, Eighth Street, and Eleventh Street, near Second and Third Avenues. There the men, women and girls of the dress industry met every morning, waiting for the results of the negotiations between the union officials and the manufacturers. The dingy, stuffy meeting rooms, with floors on which saw-dust was strewn, were packed with agitated workers, who came and went, talking and shouting excitedly to each other. Amidst the deafening noise and tumult union officials were addressing the strikers, trying to keep up their courage.

"It's all right to work shorter hours," grumbled an unshaven individual one morning, stopping Bessie, our chairwoman. "It's all right for youse girls. . . But when a man's got a wife and four kids to feed, it ain't no fun to strike for weeks. . ." He sighed despondently.

"We ain't goin' to be out long," Bessie assured him. "Your own kids'll be better off if we win this strike! And we're goin' to win, don't you worry!"

But after the third week of the strike more and more disconsolate faces could be seen. The men, whose families were beginning to feel the consequences of the strike, looked dejected. The smaller manufacturers were willing to grant the union's demands, but the big dress houses locked out the union workers and were employing non-union help. The union's hope was chiefly in the girl workers, who bravely took upon themselves the task of picketing. The police brutally attacked the men pickets; but they were easier on the girls after much publicity had been given in the papers to the fact that girl pickets were maltreated.

Bessie was on her post from early in the morning till late at night. After the morning picketing was over, she would come to the union hall where the Hesser workers were assembled in one of the corners of the large meeting place.

"Grace ain't here again," she frowned one morning. "I ain't goin' to stand it no longer! Either she's here with us, or she can't go back to Hesser's!"

But Grace defied her. She appeared once in a while for an hour, and went off again, a fellow or two accompanying her.

"So you think you can go to the movies every day, and we'll do the picketin' for you?" Bessie accosted her furiously late one afternoon.

"I'll do as I please!" Grace pouted her pretty mouth.

"No, you won't, if I can help it! Here!" and Bessie tore into pieces Grace's union-card which she, as chairwoman, had for every worker of the Hesser dress house.

"Go," she said. "You can enjoy yourself with your beaux all you want!"

Next morning, when Grace claimed admittance to the hall, she couldn't get in without her striker's card. She demanded to see Bessie.

"Very well," Bessie said. "I'll give you another card if you promise to go picketin' with the rest of the girls. We need some pretty faces to smile at the cops, so they won't be so hard on us!"

And Grace went picketing. Policemen were men after all, and she tried her best.

"Say, officer," she addressed one of them as she passed back and forth in front of the building we were picketing.

"Move on!" he answered roughly.

"Don't be so hard on a poor girl. . ." she pouted, throwing him a swift, smiling glance. "Gee, but you're a handsome fellow... I like handsome fellows. . ."

"Move on!" he grumbled, straightening up, and his voice sounded less harsh. "Move on, girlie! . . ."

In a day or two Grace nodded in a friendly fashion to all the policemen. The number of arrests diminished. In fact, there were almost no arrests made in front of that building after Grace came picketing.

"Well, Gracie," Bessie said, smiling broadly. "You certainly saved me this time. . . They're after me the minute they see me, them cops. . . An' if I am locked up the third time, it's workhouse for me, see. . ."

We returned to Hesser's in a jubilant mood, after having been out for six weeks. The strike hadn't been won altogether. Half of the workers were still out, and suffering and starvation were rampant among them. Those who returned to the factories were pledged to contribute part of their earnings toward the support of the strikers' families.

"Well, girls!" Bessie announced when we came back. "Now that we've won the forty-four hours, we've got to see that the rest of the strikers get it, see? That means picketin' with them in the morning and in the evening, before and after work. That's what the union expects us girls to do! We's got to win this strike for everybody, or we'll lose what we've gained!"

"What?" Mr. Hesser threw up his hands. "Didn't you have enough yet? Here I am stocked with work, an' all you're thinkin' of is picketin' an' trouble! . . Do you want to be locked up again, you crazy-head? You're just runnin' into fire! See if they don't send you away across the water yet!" the little man wailed.

His prophecy came true. Two weeks later Bessie was arrested in front of Hesser's place while picketing with the girls from an upper floor. The employer, who had strikebreakers in his place had hired thugs to keep the pickets away from his girls. Big, husky, degenerate looking individuals, the very scum of the slums, they stood at the entrance of the building, ready to knock down any girl who came near the strikebreakers; while the police looked on and immediately arrested the girls the thugs pointed out to them. Whenever the union and non-union workers came within hearing distance, none too cordial epithets were exchanged between them.

"Scabs!" the strikers called out bitterly.

"Jail-birds!" the strikebreakers jeered.

"You're gettin' fat wages now. Let's see what you'll get after we win the strike!" Bessie accosted the strikebreakers one evening, as we were picketing together.

"Shut up!" one of the thugs shouted.

"Shut up, youself! Got an easy job, ain't you? A dollar a day for knockin' down girls! Why don't you go and work like we do?!"

"You!" the man threw at her a dirty word.

Wild with rage, Bessie shot out of the picketing line and slapped the man's face. He knocked her down with one blow. The policemen's whistle brought the patrol wagon, and Bessie was taken away. She was sentenced to the workhouse for a month.

The strike was over at last. The day Bessie came back from the workhouse was celebrated by every one in Hesser's factory. With a collection we had taken among ourselves, we ordered some flowers; and when Bessie entered the workroom, she was greeted enthusiastically, and led to her machine, which was all covered with red carnations.

"Thank you, girls," she said simply. She was thinner, and her serious, honest eyes had an introspective look, as if she saw us, and yet we seemed far away. . . But little by little, the nightmare she had been through began to wear off, and she became her normal self again.

"Well, we won the strike, didn't we, girls?" she reminded us now and then. "Next time we strike it will be for forty hours. . ."

"What, strike again?" Mr. Hesser, who overheard her once, exclaimed. "My God, Bessie! . . ."

DARK SAYINGS

*In Kansas the farmers have raised so much wheat
That in some workers homes there is nothing to eat.
Rest easy, food gamblers, for you have not seen,
As have I, the dark corners where Winchesters lean.*

KENNETH W. PORTER

THE TZAR'S BOOTS

by Mikhail Zoshchenko

This year, at the Winter Palace, there was a sale of the late Tzar's junk. I believe the museum fund was sponsoring it.

Katerina Feodorovna Kolenkovora and myself went there to look for a samovar, big enough for ten.

As it happened, samovars were not to be found. Whether it was because the Tzar drank his tea from a kettle, or because it was brought to him from the kitchen in a golden glass, I don't know,—only, samovars did not enter the sale.

But, if there wasn't a samovar, there were a multitude of other things. Wonderful things, indeed. Various tzaristic draperies, wine glasses, spittoons, chemises,—all kinds of tzaristic stuff.

So instead of a samovar, Katerina Feodorovna bought four of the Tzarina's chemises made of the thinnest materials. Beautiful tzaristic things, as they say. And suddenly I noticed a pair of boots. Real Russian tops—priced at eighteen rubles.

"Tell me, brother, what kind of boots are these?", I excitedly asked the fellow at the counter.

"What kind?", he look at me scornfully. "Ordinary, of course—the Tzar's."

"How will you guarantee that they were actually the Tzar's? Perhaps only some general was tramping in them and you pass 'em off as the Tzar's—this, brother, is not nice, not honest."

"Look around here," he tells me, "you see, all this belonged to the Tzar's family. Today we handle only tzaristic things."

"Well then," said I, "let's feel them."

I felt the boots and immediately fell in love with them. Why, even the size was just right. How narrow and neat they were. Here was the top and here the heels. In fact, they were almost new. Perhaps the Tzar only wore them a few days. Even the soles were still good.

"My God," I turned to Katerina Feodorovna, "who would have

dreamt of wearing the Tzar's shoes, let alone walking in his boots? My God, Katerina Feodorovna, how history changes!"

I handed over the eighteen rubles without another word. For I knew that for the "Little Father's" boots this price was very very little; and home I ran with them.

When I started to put them on, the real trouble began. I am not speaking, of course, of putting them on a thick foot wrap; even on a thin sock they wouldn't go. "But," I consoled myself, "Maybe I can stretch them."

Three days I spend trying to stretch them, and on the fourth the sole broke loose, and the bare foot remained on the side-walk.

This scandalous incident occurred right on the "Boulevard of the Unions", not far from the "Palace of Labor", so I had to run barefoot to the Vassilevski Island.

However, what I really felt sorry about was the money. After all, eighteen rubles! And not even a place to put in a complaint.

For if these boots had come from the factory "Skorochod" or some other factory, the matter would be quite different. One could raise a rumpus, fire some red director for such technical weakness, but here, imagine—the Tzar's boots.

Next day I ran to the museum, but the sale was already over. Everything was closed up. I wanted to run here or there, but Katerina Feodorovna stopped me. "Look here", she said, "not only the Tzar's, but even a king's boots will become rotten after so many years. Take it or leave it, but since the revolution twelve years have already passed. That you ought to understand."

And really, brothers, twelve years have already rushed through. Is it a wonder that even goods are beginning to rot?

But although Katerina Feodorovna succeeded in consoling me, yet how she cried and mourned when after the first washing, her tzaristic chemises began to fall apart. How she berated the Tzar's regime!

And yet, twelve years have passed—wouldn't it be silly to feel disappointed? Time runs so fast, brothers!

TRANSLATED BY LEON DENNEN

POEM

*Are poets those who write,
In verses mellow and restrained,
Of flowers and the silvered stars.*

*I can only write
That in a thousand jails
My brothers stare at iron bars.*

*How can I sing of snow-white clouds
And peaceful swallows' nests,
What song can fit these words:*

*A million babies
Clutch at withered breasts.*

*How can I prate
About the inevitable fate
Of those who sin.*

*Once I saw a striker's head
Smashed in.*

FRANK RUDNICK

NEGRO GHETTO

*I looked at their black faces
And this is what I saw:
The wind imprisoned in the flesh,
The sun bound down by law.*

*I watched them moving, moving,
Like water down the street,
And this is what moved my heart:
Their far-too humble feet.*

LANGSTON HUGHES





WAY DOWN SOUTH

Phil Bard



WAY DOWN SOUTH

Phil Bard

BOOKS

Jesus of Wall Street

Vagabonds, by Knut Hamsun, Coward McCann, Inc. \$3.00.

Success, by Lion Feuchtwanger, The Viking Press. \$3.00.

Knut Hamsun springs from the people. He writes about peasants and simple fisher folk from the inside. He knows how as individuals they talk and feel and think.

But his social conception of his own class Knut Hamsun draws from the ruling class. In *Vagabonds*, his last book, the "wise" brother says to Edevart, the rover: Stay where you belong. Milk your one head of cattle or two, plough up your land with a spade, mow your little acre of grain with a scythe, catch your little string of fish from a rowboat.

This is virtue. If God is good to you, maybe he'll give you a horse. If not, a little starvation is good for the soul.

To go to the cities, to aspire to be more comfortable, to know more, to have more: that is vice.

Reduced to these simple terms Hamsun's "virtue" is the virtue the exploiter preaches to the exploited. The exploiter himself never practices it.

And now, seen through this book, it is also obvious that Knut Hamsun never had any feeling—social feeling—for these peasants. Socially he is muddled and scatter-brained. For the machine, which already in Russia is taking the solitude and drudgery from the peasant's life, he has nothing but the upper class aesthete's terror. He is afraid the machine is going to rob the peasant of his "soul"!

Growth of the Soil was in some ways a great book. It was simple and vigorous and full of sturdy character. Yet did not Esau aspire to be a margrave: what in Russia today would be one of the hated kulaks? And not how even here Hamsun evades the real problem of the peasant: his fight against the land owner and the grain speculator. Esau wrests his land from a wilderness, a frontier country. Where in the world today is there any longer a frontier land, free and self-sufficient? Arable land everywhere now is *owned*. Markets everywhere now are *manipulated*.

What is the good of telling a peasant in North Dakota, for instance, to stay where he belongs, when *the banks won't let him*? Three-fourths of the farmland in this northwest section has already been foreclosed on mortgages. In Arkansas and the South and the Nebraska-Kansas grain belt, the banks must own fully as much.

At best Hamsun has a slight historical importance. In men like Hardy the rise of the peasant-labor class is foreshadowed. Hardy uses peasants as a kind of green trimming for his dish. He writes *about* them, from the outside, *for* the bourgeoisie. Hamsun is a step ahead. He writes *of* them, from the inside: but again *for* the bourgeoisie. It wouldn't do to scare the bourgeoisie, you know. (Besides, if you do, you don't get published). So his peasants mouth an upper class philosophy, inimical to their own welfare.

In the face of younger writers cropping up everywhere in the world today, writers who speak of the proletariat *for* the proletariat, *Vagabonds* reads like feeble pap.

In *Success* Lion Feuchtwanger set out to write an "impartial, dispassionate" account of political corruption and judicial perversion in Bavaria. To be impartial: what greater virtue can a liberal achieve?

In so far as he has failed, Feuchtwanger has written a great book.

When he succeeds, he is flat, pointless, and implausible.

Fortunately, sometimes he forgets to be impartial. Then he blisters with white-hot hate the brutality of bourgeois courts, the venality, crassness, and depravity of bourgeois officials. He does a gorgeous piece of satire, for instance, on the idiot Adolf Hitler, the lunatic von Ludendorff, and the "Nazi" movement up to the Bierkeller revolution in 1923.

"A man has to write with love or hate," says Feuchtwanger

wisely in this book. When he hates well, passion shoots like rockets out of Feuchtwanger's pages: the print comes to life: there are passages that are moving and terrible and true.

But half the time Feuchtwanger is afraid to hate. It isn't liberal to hate. One must keep open-minded, don't you know. The governments of Europe are rotten; the world is tumbling down around your ears; workmen starve and innocent people rot in jail. Be impartial!

That's what cripples the making of a great book. Feuchtwanger is a liberal.

Who are Feuchtwanger's real heroes, his real strong men? They are the super-capitalists, the powers behind the thrones: men like the American "Far-sighted Dan, the California Colossus." His radicals are nit-wits and muddle-heads. His liberals, despite himself, are wishy-washy and impotent. When he tries to make them effective, as in the highly implausible end of the book, they fail to ring true.

No, Far-sighted Dan is Feuchtwanger's white-haired boy, the man he really admires. He is infinitely rich and infinitely powerful; at a word from him governments rise and fall; he is kind and open-minded and widely-read; he knows Marx by heart (though he rejects him very coolly to the stupefying bewilderment of a young communist!) and he is on the inside of all the secrets of Soviet Russia. Above all he is a lover of beauty and the arts.

Here in this *Jesus of Wall Street* Feuchtwanger gives himself away. Here is the liberal showing his true colors.

PAUL PETERS

The Land of Milk and Honey

Paradies Amerika, by Egon Erwin Kisch, Erich Reiss Verlag.
4 Marks (paper), 6 Marks (cloth).

Very little in the "American Paradise" escapes the sharp eye and still sharper pen of Egon Erwin Kisch, roving reporter extraordinary. His search for evidences of the golden streets and honey-flowing pathways led him from New York to California, through Chicago, Washington, Detroit and Hollywood. Leaving Fifth Avenue and Michigan Boulevard to impress his more credulous European colleagues as uncontradictable proof of heaven on earth, Kisch has gone "back of the Yards," as they say in Chicago, and found quite another order of affairs.

Probably this accounts for the absence of book reviews in the more sensitive newspapers and magazines. A recent paean of praise of the American scheme by a visiting representative of the French Federation of Labor received wide reviews and publicity. A more honest picturing of the many-sided American life, with an uncanny rendition into German of the American tricks and turns of speech, and of bourgeois psychology, is left severely alone.

The usual foreigner marvels unquestioningly at skyscrapers, the dizzying number of automobiles owned by the workers and the general widespread "happiness on earth and good will to all men." Kisch goes to Floptown as well as Wall Street, to the Morgue as well as a football game, to sweat shops as well as the Canine Cemetery. His high admiration for Charlie Chaplin becomes still higher after intimate personal contact with Chaplin and converts itself, together with the chapters on Hollywood and the film industry, into one of the best parts of the book.

Described in staccato, crystal-clear sentences, with an overwhelming passion for statistics and exactness, and a cutting sense of humor, the "American Paradise" is seen by this widely travelled German observer as a super-advertised deception of all those workers whose lives make paradise for the owners of six and seven figure incomes.

BEATRICE HEIMAN.

NEW MASSES BOOK SERVICE

The Collected Works of

LENIN

THE IMPERIALIST WAR: Lenin's brilliant analysis of the World War made soon after its outbreak; an attack on the "Socialist" and Labor elements which supported it.\$3.50

THE REVOLUTION OF 1917: From the overthrow of the Tsar to the first open clash with the provisional government. Two large volumes. *Alone*\$3.00 *Each*

MATERIALISM AND EMPIRIO-CRITICISM: A defense of historical materialism and a polemic against Marxist revisionism. *Alone*\$3.00

THE ISKRA PERIOD: The formative period of the Bolshevik Party, including the famous pamphlet *What is to be Done?* Two large volumes. *Alone*\$3.00 *Each*

USUALLY SOLD AT \$18.50 THE SET

A NEW SUBSCRIBERS EDITION

ONLY \$9.25 THE SET

MEMORIES OF LENIN—by N. K. Krupskaya, recently published, in a popular edition—\$1.50 post paid.

Fiction

MARY HEATON VORSE
Strike—A Novel of the new South\$2.00

SIEGFRIED SASSOON
Memoirs of an Infantry Officer\$2.50

KNUT HAMSUN
Vagabonds\$3.00

LANGSTON HUGHES
Not Without Laughter\$2.50

CHAS. YALE HARRISON
Generals Die in Bed\$2.50

EDWIN SEAVER
The Company\$2.50

AGNES SMEDLEY
Daughter of Earth\$2.50

JOHN DOS PASSOS
The 42nd Parallel\$2.50

MICHAEL GOLD
Jews Without Money.....\$3.00
120 Million\$1.50

STERLING BOWEN
Wishbone (3 novelettes) \$2.50

MAXIM GORKY
My Childhood\$1.00

HENRI BARBUSSE
I Saw It Myself\$2.50

MARTIN ANDERSON NEXO
Pelle The Conqueror (4 vols. now issued in 1 vol.)\$3.50

Days in the Sun\$1.00

JOHN REED
Daughter of the Revolution—
and other Stories\$0.75

UPTON SINCLAIR
Roman Holiday\$2.50
Mountain City\$2.50
Boston (2 vols.)\$2.00
The Jungle\$0.75

Poetry

MANUEL GOMEZ (Editor)
Poems for Workers\$0.10

H. H. LEWIS
Red Renaissance\$0.25

RALPH CHEYNEY AND
JACK CONROY (Editors)
Unrest: Rebel Poets Anthology-1930\$1.00

KEENE WALLIS
Bands & Rebels\$1.00

HORACE GREGORY
Chelsea Rooming House. \$2.00

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD
May Days: Anthology of
Masses—Liberator Verse\$3.00

JAMES WELDON JOHN-
SON, (Editor)
American Negro Poetry\$2.50

ALFRED KREYMBORG
Lyric America (Anthology
1930-1930)\$5.00

Art

WILLIAM GROPPER
Alay Oop—(A novel in draw-
ings)\$2.00

56 Drawings of Soviet Rus-
sia\$2.00

ART YOUNG
Trees At Night\$3.00

On My Way (Autobiography
with drawings)\$4.00

Books on Soviet Russia

GEORGE S. COUNTS
The Soviet Challenge to Amer-
ica\$2.50

LOUIS FISCHER
The Soviets In World Affairs
(2 vols.)\$10.00

G. T. GRINKO
(vice commissar USSR State
Planning Commission)
The Five Year Plan of the Sov-
iet Union\$2.00

ELSIE R. MITCHELL &
HELEN C. WILSON
Vagabonding At Fifty (Thru
Siberia & Soviet Russia) \$1.00

Red Cartoons of 1926-7-8

Each 64 pages of drawing by 15 artists

EACH.....\$1.00

SPECIAL GROUP OFFER

All three for 2.00

General

LENIN
Imperialism and State & Rev-
olution (Both in one vol-
ume)\$0.75

LEWIS COREY
The House of Morgan\$5.00

BERNHARD J. STERN
Lewis Henry Morgan: Social
Evolutionist\$2.50

CHAS. & MARY BEARD
The Rise of American Civiliza-
tion (New one-volume Edi-
tion)\$3.00

LUDWELL DENNY
America Conquers Britain\$4.00

JOHN L. SPIVAK
The Devil's Brigade (Story of
the Hatfield-McCoy feud)\$3.50

EMANUEL H. LAVINE
The Third Degree (an eye-wit-
ness account of police bru-
tality)\$2.00

VERNON LOUIS PARRING-
TON
The Beginnings of Critical
Realism in America\$4.00

CARL SANDBURG
The American Songbag (280
songs, ballads, etc. in a new
popular edition).\$3.50

LETTERS OF SACCO AND
VANZETTI\$0.75

O. LEHMAN-RUSSBULT
War for Profits\$1.75

ANNA ROCHESTER
Labor and Coal Cloth \$2.00
Pop.\$1.00

CHARLOTTE TODES
Labor and Lumber. Cloth \$2.00.
Pop.\$1.00

ROBERT W. DUNN and
JACK HARDY
Labor and Textiles. Cloth \$2.00
Pop.\$1.00


INTERNATIONAL
PAMPHLETS—(Prepared under
the direction of the Labor
Research Association) Steve Ka-
tovis: The Life & Death of
a Worker by Joseph North
& A. B. Magil (10c); The
Heritage of 'Gone Debs' by
A. Trachtenberg (10c); The
Frame-Up System by Vern
Smith (10c); Speeding Up
The Workers, by Jas. Bar-
nett (10c); Yankee Colon-
ies by Harry Gannes (10c);
\$1.00 postpaid together with 5
numbers issued last month).

NEW MASSES BOOK SERVICE

112 East 19 St. :-: New York, N. Y.

Enclosed \$..... for the following books:

.....
.....
.....
.....



NEW MASSES BOOK SERVICE

The Collected Works of
LENIN

THE IMPERIALIST WAR: Lenin's brilliant analysis of the World War made soon after its outbreak; an attack

Red Cartoons of 1926-7-8

Each 64 pages of drawing by 15 artists

EACH.....\$1.00

SPECIAL GROUP OFFER

All three for 2.00

WORKERS' ART

A monthly department for reports and discussion of Workers' Cultural Activities.

The Communist Almanac, Delnik

New Masses:

The illustrations of the calendarium in the Czechoslovak Communist Almanac for the year 1931, *Delnik—The Worker*, are by Jan Matulka. The articles and stories are illustrated by reprints of well known proletarian artists: Lozowick, Klein, Gropfer, Matulka, Kolski, Marsh, Orozco, Ribak, Soglow and make the book a very artistic work. The stories and articles are originals, written for the almanac by comrades of Czechoslovak origin or translated with the permission of the authors. Among the American writers are included: Michael Gold, Langston Hughes, Agnes Smedley, Herman Spector. All the contributors of Czechoslovak origin belong to the working class. Frey is an ironworker, Hlavacek a miner, Kneaha a farmer, Krsova a housewife, Orlickova a seamstress, Plechatova a miner's wife, Pikal a barber, Zenisek an invalid baker—lost his right hand at work and has to write with his left—Abraham a tailor and so on. Their short stories and articles are true mirrors of the workers' struggles and ideals.

The appearance of this almanac is every year eagerly expected by the Czechoslovak workers.

The editorial and printing offices are located in the Czechoslovak Workers' House, 347 East 72nd Street, New York City.

THE EDITORS

Books for Red Builders

New Masses:

Seventy-five workers, organized into the Red Builders News Club, are now selling the *Daily Worker* on the streets of New York City. Recently they have established a headquarters on West 14th St., one floor below the John Reed Club. These workers, many of whom are approaching the revolutionary movement for the first time, are eager for books, magazines, pamphlets and other reading matter. Will the readers of the *New Masses* contribute these books—history, economics, fiction, poetry, drama—and mail them to Room 505, 35 E. 12th St? The Club is planning a series of discussions, open forums, and is already preparing to present a one-act play.

Any unemployed worker wishing to join the Red Builders News Club should call at 35 E. 12th St., fifth floor.

Comradely yours,

RED BUILDERS NEWS CLUB, Executive Board.

The Rebel Players

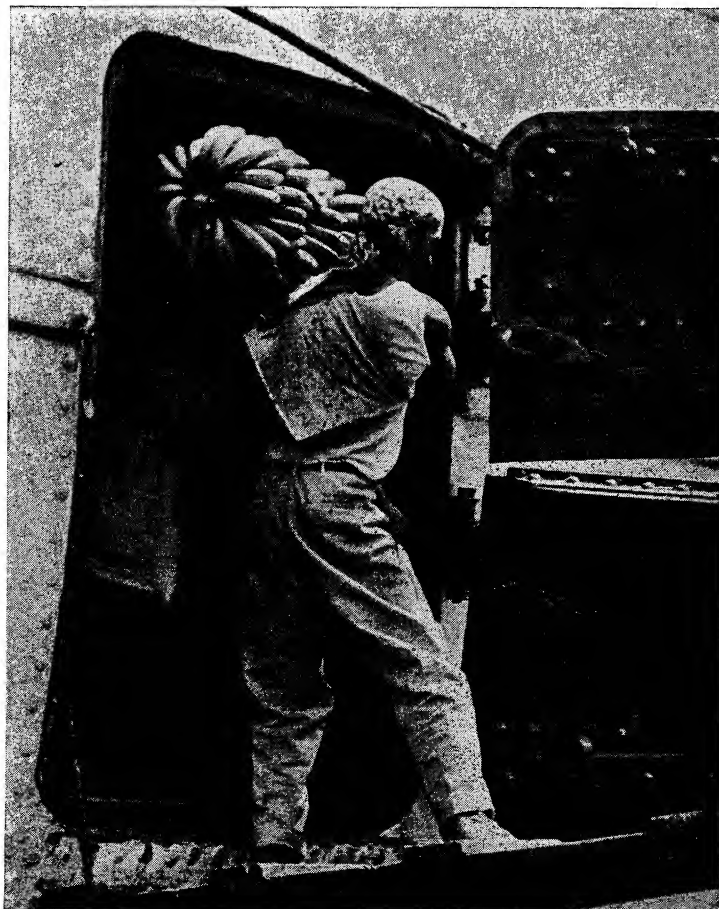
New Masses:

The *Rebel Players* of Los Angeles will present their second production, Friday and Saturday, March 6th and 7th. The play is Paul Sifton's *The Belt*, a play showing the exploitation and speedup of workers at the belt of an American automobile factory. Every worker will find a common interest with the workers at the belt. The play will be presented at the Beaux Arts Theatre, 8th and Beacon St., L. A.

The *Rebel Players* is growing. Our active membership has practically doubled itself. Our dramatic department besides busying itself with the present play is on the lookout for other proletarian plays for presentation. A playwriting group is being organized to offset the lack of suitable plays, pageants, etc. Our technical department is being kept busy with the necessary sets, etc. for *The Belt*. We have acquired several proletarian artists. We need more interested comrades, however, so that we may present more plays in a limited time. Anyone interested in the workers theatre get in touch with the secretary: V. Cutler, 529 No. Cummings St. We also want to hear from proletarian writers who have any plays, etc., that we might use.

V. CUTLER

Los Angeles, Calif.



BANANA LOADER

Tina Modotti

Boston Blue Blouses

New Masses:

The Workers International Relief of Boston and vicinity has started a Workers Dramatic Group. Our aim is to do the same work that the "Blue Blouses" of Europe produce. Of course at the beginning we will have to be much simpler. The "Blue Blouses" are already professional actors; we have to develop our talent.

Here in Boston there are very few who can give the group direction in the acting. Prof. H. W. L. Dana will give all the attention possible but without the personal attention of a director we will be handicapped in making this group grow.

We are beginning now with humorous skits and walking newspapers. We also want to produce one humorous play, *Mr. God Is Not In*, which was published in the *New Masses*. Will you comrades give us all information you can and send us a copy of the above play. We would also appreciate the help of comrades who are interested in this work.

In the December *New Masses* I found a letter written from Moscow or at least stating the address of the "Blue Blouses" of Moscow. If this comrade who is so interested in the "Blue Blouses" would communicate with us he would assist us in our work.

If it is possible for the *New Masses* to send us the addresses of the *New Masses* subscribers in Boston and vicinity we could send our letters to these people and perhaps draw them into the work of this group.

Hoping that you will give us cooperation in making this group into a real group of "Blue Blouses" and also write something up in the next issue.

Fraternally yours,

BELLE LEWIS

District Secretary

Boston, Mass.



BANANA LOADER

Tina Modotti

IN THIS ISSUE

Marie Lear—author of an unpublished novel of the needle trade workers, is a new writer in the *New Masses* and is now working on her second novel.

Whittaker Chambers—poet, writer, translator, contributes to *Poetry* and other magazines.

Frank Rudnick—young poet of Dorchester, Mass., makes his first appearance in the *New Masses*.

Juanita Preval—artist from the middle west, contributed formerly to the *Workers Monthly*. Now contributes to the *Daily Worker*. This is her first drawing published in the *New Masses*.

William Siegel—has just completed a story of the Paris Commune in drawings which is being published in the *International Pamphlet* series.

Paul Peters—playwright, author of *Warf Nigger* and other plays published in part in the *New Masses*, is working on a farm in Wisconsin.

Hugo Gellert—is now at work on a book of about 100 lithographs and text based on *Capital* by Karl Marx.

Leon Dennen—young writer and trans-

lator, is editor of the *Progressive Student*, a new magazine.

Herman Spector—25 year old poet is engaged in writing a novel.

Maurice Becker—New York painter was one of the founders of the *Masses* in 1910.

Jacob Burck—24 years old, who has drawn the cover for this issue, was formerly a sign painter. He is now staff artist on the *Daily Worker*.

Kenneth Porter—young poet, lives in Boston.

Herb Kruckman—young artist made his first appearance in the *New Masses* last month.

Victor De Pauw—contributor to various magazines, makes his first appearance in the *New Masses*.

Tina Modotti—artist-photographer, whose photos have appeared in the *New Masses*, has also held exhibits in many countries. She is now preparing an exhibit for New York and other cities in this country.

William Gropper—author of *56 Drawings of Soviet Russia*, and *Alay Oop*, is an executive board member of the *New Masses*.

Phil Bard—is a frequent contributor.



Otto Soglow—Born Dec. 23, 1900 in New York City. He started his childhood in the usual manner; gradually growing up (not much though). Started to work at 15 doing all sorts of things from porter work to packer to etc. etc. Also painted baby rattles and even was a doorman for a day. Studied at the Art Students League. Later in life he neglected the finer arts to do cartooning etc. for the various magazines. He is also a great lover.

announcing the first two numbers of

FRONT

a radical magazine in 3 languages and 3 editorial sections: USSR, Europe, USA.

FORD
REGER
BOYLE
INBER
HARDY
JOHNS
POUND
BARBER
LAMOUR
VITRAC
BOWLES
BURZIO
OUTKINE
MACLEOD
DALLEAS
CAYATTE
ZUKOFSKY
EINSTEIN
CALVERTON
LUGOWSKI
RATHGEBER
REINHARDT
TRETIAKOW
MUENSTERER
VON WESTPHALEN

BEHEIM-SCHWARZBACH
PLATOSCHKIN
MUENSTERER
VERESSAIEV
VISHNEVSKY
TRETIAKOW
SALEMSON
WILLIAMS
SAVIOTTI
BOUSQUET
MACLEOD
McALMON
HERBEIT
CAYATTE
ISRAEL
MANGAN
PUTNAM
SCHEER
ALMON
FITS
JOLAS
POUND
FORD
JIGA
DUFF

american editor NORMAN MACLEOD
112 E. 19th St., Room 806, New York City
published from
15 Rietzangerlaan THE HAGUE Holland
Copy: 75c Subscription: \$2.00

SOLLINS Tea and Dining Room

216 EAST 14TH STREET
Tompkins Square 6—9743

ANNOUNCES TEA AND
A LA CARTE SERVICE
UNTIL 1:30 A. M.

Come before and after theatre or meetings

NEW MASSES READERS AND KINDRED SOULS MAKE YOUR HANGOUT

THE ORIGINAL MOSKOWITZ

Russian-Roumanian Restaurant

219 SECOND AVENUE
(Near 14th Street)
Tompkins Square 6—9333
NEW YORK CITY

Drop in any day, any time between
11 A.M. and 3 A.M.

Regular Dinner for only 75¢

Or if you want only a bite, at lunch, dinner, during the evening, or after the theatre come and sit around, enjoy the entertainment, talk, dance. Hear Moskowitz playing his gypsy zither-harp. Moskowitz is a real artist, after twenty years he still makes restaurant music with his heart.

Make Moskowitz's your eating and meeting place.

Phone: Stuyvesant 3816

JOHN'S Restaurant

SPECIALTY:—ITALIAN DISHES

A place with atmosphere
where all radicals meet

302 E. 12th Street New York

Do you want a job that pays well?
and that you'll like? Young men and
women wanted to sell the *New Masses*
everywhere. A liberal commission al-
lowed. Write for full particulars to
Circulation Department

THE NEW MASSES
112 East 19 Street, New York City.



Otto Soglow—Born Dec. 23, 1900 in New York City. He started his childhood in the usual manner; gradually growing up (not much though). Started to work at 15 doing all sorts of things from porter work to packer to etc. etc. Also painted baby rattles and even was a doorman for a day. Studied at the Art Students League. Later in life he neglected the finer arts to do cartooning etc. for the various magazines. He is also a great lover.



Including
12 Days in
USSR

VISITS TO
Workers and Peasants
Clubs—Red Army Club
—Factories—A Collec-
tive Farm — Ivanovo-
Vosnessensk, etc.
and

**CELEBRATING MAY 1ST IN
LENINGRAD OR MOSCOW**

Tour A
\$ 2 4 8

Including return steamship ticket
from France—and SOVIET
VISA good for 30 days.

Steamship tickets sold to all parts of the world.

WORLD TOURISTS, Inc.

175 Fifth Avenue

New York, N. Y.

Algonguin 4—6656 — 8797



Including 12 Days in **USSR**

VISITS TO
Workers and Peasants
Clubs—Red Army Club
—Factories—A Collec-
tive Farm — Ivanovo-
Vosnessensk, etc.
and

**CELEBRATING MAY 1ST IN
LENINGRAD OR MOSCOW**

Tour A
\$248

Including return steamship ticket
from France—and SOVIET
VISA good for 30 days.

Steamship tickets sold to all parts of the world.

WORLD TOURISTS, Inc.
175 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.
Algonquin 4-6656 — 8797

N A T I V I T Y

an american quarterly

- 1:** Seaver, Claude, Cover, Trent, Caldwell, Macleod,
Godin, Lee, Funaroff, Roskolenkier, Cheney,
Ford, Collins, Young, Lewis, Clements, Israel,
Schoen, Hanley.
- 2:** will appear this month, featuring additional
known and to-be-known writers and edited (with
the aid of Associates to be announced) with
a left revolutionary bias by Boris J. Israel from

1414 MADISON AVENUE
Columbus, Ohio

\$1.25 the year

35¢ the copy

THE VAGABOND GAZETTE

Edited by
JAMES TAYLOR ADAMS
BIG LAUREL, VIRGINIA

COVERS A NEW FIELD IN LITERATURE

Stories, articles and poems of tramp, hobo, underworld
and vagabond life by men and women who have lived
what they write.

5c a copy

\$2.00 a year

THE GENERAL STRIKE IN THEORY AND PRACTICE

By **Wilfrid H. Crook**

Has labor ever won with "its most powerful weapon"?
Have American labor leaders sold labor out?
Can labor build a new order today?

A thorough, comprehensive study of the general strike in
all countries up to the present day. Just published.

\$6.00 net, postpaid from

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS
Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

A QUARTERLY REVIEW OF RADICAL

**T
H
E
L
E
F
T**

APPEARING MARCH FIRST

publishing work by

V. F. CALVERTON	HAROLD SALEMSON
OLON R. BARBER	SHERRY MANGAN
B. G. BRAVER-MANN	DAVID PLATT
ALAN CALMER	H. ROSKOLENKIER
RALPH CHENEY	BERNARD SMITH
LEWIS JACOBS	SEYMOUR STERN
JOSEPH KALAR	JOSEPH VOGEL
ALEXANDER KAUN	JOHN C. ROGERS
OAKLEY JOHNSON	EDWARD WESTON
NORMAN MACLEOD	LOUIS ZUKOFKY
BORIS J. ISRAEL	N. KAUFMANN

Subscriptions \$2 a year. 50¢ a copy.

The LEFT, 222 W. 3rd, Davenport, Ia.

**&
E
X
P
E
R
I
M
E
N
T
A
L
A
R
T**

BOOKS ABROAD

A Quarterly Publication Devoted to Comment on Foreign Books
Issued by the University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE, University of Oklahoma, Editor
University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.

"I seize the opportunity to congratulate you upon the rapid progress
you have made with the magazine. It has given me great pleasure to
observe its development. Within a very short time you have made it
completely indispensable." —H. L. MENCKEN.

"... has proved its usefulness to students of literature."
—Boston Transcript.

"It fills a very important gap in American periodicals and is ex-
tremely valuable to anyone wishing to acquaint himself with current
literature abroad."

—Prof. SAMUEL E. THORNE, Harvard Law School.

BOOKS ABROAD is sent without charge to college and public
libraries and to individuals who may be interested. For ad-
vertising rates write to Todd Downing, Advertising Manager,

LIBERAL PRESS, Inc.

G. CANNATA, Mgr.

COMPETENT WORK IN ENGLISH,
ITALIAN and OTHER LANGUAGES

Phone: Spring 1610

410 Lafayette Street

New York